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American.

HOME BOOKS.

BY COUSIN ALICE.

No Such Word as Fail.

EXCELSIOR

BY

COUSIN ALICE.

NEW-YORK
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"NO SUCH WORD AS FAIL;"

OR,

The Children's Journey.

BY

ALICE B. NEAL.

NEW YORK:
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HOME BOOKS!

Do you not like the sound, dear children? You are not strangers to Cousin Alice, many of you, at least, for she has often met you at home, after school duties were over, and the many games were ended, and you have listened in the pleasant twilight to the tales that she has brought for you. "Home Books," I shall call these, because all things gentle, and beautiful, and pure, should be gathered in home's happy influences—and there is a charm in its every association. So when I come to the fireside, I shall hope to be a welcome guest, and we will talk of many strange and lovely things—that is, if you are interested in my first little history of "The Children's Journey."

November 3d.

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"NO SUCH WORD AS FAIL;"

OR,

The Children's Journey.

CHAPTER I.

THE LOSS.

"Now you see, Eddy, I have to study hard, for pretty soon I shall be large enough to learn a trade like father."

"But you never get time to play marbles with me any more, Robert; and mother doesn't like me to go with those boys in the court."

"That's because they swear, and call bad names, Eddy."

"Oh, dear, I *don't* like to go to school." And the little fellow uttered a sigh of weariness, as he toiled on over the heated pavements, with his elder brother. He had a bright, childish face, with

flaxen curls, and blue eyes, that lighted up with a smile. The elder boy, tall and slender, with darker eyes and hair, was very proud and fond of him, and it was a great trouble that he must deny Eddy any thing. But he was already thoughtful beyond his years, and when he saw his mother pale and troubled, he longed for the time to come, when he could assist in earning the livelihood for which she struggled.

Poor Mary Lewis—she had been always gentle and delicate. She was not fit to be a poor man's wife. Misfortune after misfortune had come upon them—sickness, poverty, and at last actual want. And now was the hardest trial of all, separation from her husband, who went from city to city seeking employment, until at last his quest was ended in the far West, hundreds of miles from his lonely family.

Mrs. Lewis had won the rare virtue of patience in the midst of her sorrows, and now she was looking forward to the time when he could send for them. But they were deeply in debt, and this must first be discharged, and then it required a large sum, for poor people, to take the three as far as Pittsburgh.

They lived in one room of a house upon which the sun scarcely shone. It was far back in a narrow, dirty court, shut in by the high walls of surrounding dwellings, with only a tiny strip of blue sky to be seen from the window. All the inhabitants of the court were poor people, who had always been poor, and had never learned that "neatness is the elegance of poverty."—Their rooms were in dirt and disorder, their persons were untidy, and the narrow lane was half filled with the filth and offal from their dwellings. No wonder that Mrs. Lewis would not let her bright-eyed Eddy play with the ragged children who clustered around the door steps. It was not their poverty,—she was as poor as they,—but their rude, ignorant language shocked her, and she well knew that "evil communications corrupt" even the purest hearts.

Sometimes she thought sadly of her early married life. How bright it seemed to her now! Too bright to have been more than a dream. The two neat rooms, which her husband had furnished so nicely, and the little garden-ground which it was his pleasure to cultivate. That was in the days of plentiful work and good wages, when she

had nothing to do but keep every thing in order about her and tend their dark-eyed child. Robert, she called him, for his father's sake. And now this weary separation, and day after day of toil, setting the stitches through the hard leather—for she bound shoes for a large manufactory—while her aching eyes almost refused to guide the needle. She bore up bravely, but her health was weakened, and when good news came that her husband had found regular and profitable employment, she was too ill to write in return.

Through all her trouble, through all her sickness, Robert, now nine years of age, had been her comforter, and her nurse. He was so like his father, gentle, thoughtful, and considerate. He brought the water, and made the little fire, smoothed the pillows as a girl might have done, and amused his sturdy, mischievous little brother, when his merriment became too boisterous.

That was in the cold, dark days of early spring; it was mid-summer now, and Mrs. Lewis was at her work again, pale, and weaker than before; but she could not bear that Robert should lose the advantages of the excellent public school, where even their books were supplied. Eddy was sent

with him now, for the first time, but it was more to keep him out of the bad associations of the court than for study.

There had been some plan proposed for closing the schools this sultry weather, for it was the fearful summer of 1849, when the cholera swept through the crowded cities of our land. But those who had control, wisely determined that it was far better for the children to be quietly employed, in large well-ventilated apartments, than packed in the narrow dirty streets from which many of them came.

It was a season of terror to whole communities. The houses of the rich were closed, and their owners fled from before the pestilence to cool country retreats, where, alas, it often followed them, when they deemed themselves most secure. But the poor—there was no escape for them. They must live on in the close unhealthy atmosphere—often weakened by a miserable diet, and unavoidable exposure. It was sorrowful enough for those who could gather their loved ones together, and watch over them—but that was nothing to anxiety for the absent. Any day, any hour, the fatal news might come, and Mrs. Lewis

prayed more fervently for the husband she loved so well, and thanked her Heavenly Father more earnestly, when nightfall came, that her children were still spared to her.

For the scourge had at last reached their city. She had heard of it, afar off, and trembled; but now it had followed the course of the noble Hudson, creeping inland from the great metropolis of New-York, until it had reached the busy city, which was now their home. Only the day before, two of their neighbors had been borne away in the death agony, and she shuddered as she hurried passed their wretched dwellings, with the thought, "who will be next to go?"

It was late in the hot July afternoon, when the boys were going wearily homewards. The walk was long, and they usually carried a luncheon of bread, and did not return until all the lessons were over. Eddy lagged behind, for the child was unused to the confinement of the school-room, and hated it, and Robert could scarcely get him past the shop windows, that looked so tempting with their display of cakes, and candies as beautiful and transparent as the fruit of Aladin's Garden, he was so fond of hearing about.

"Ah, if mother would only give me some of those pennies you bring her from the store"—pleaded the little fellow. "I think she might, and I would buy her some too."

"Poor mother has hard work enough, Eddy, to get us bread and potatoes, and our clothes. That's the reason we don't have nice new coats like the other boys, and your apron has such a great patch. Come, come, I shan't be home time enough to take the shoes—and then I guess you'll have to go without supper as well as the candy."

So they left the broad street, and crossed the square, to the other side of the town, where the pavement was narrower, and the stores were dark little places, with stale cakes or fruit, lying close to the dirty window-pane. The air was heated, and burdened with unwholesome odors, and swarms of children, with unwashed faces, and uncombed hair, were lying about upon the steps, or playing in the filthy puddles that were collected in the street. Once they met a man with bloodshot eyes, reeling home from a dram-shop, and then their path was blocked up by a knot of women quarreling with most abusive words, from some trivial dispute.

These were sad sights for young children, and one of the greatest evils to which they could be exposed. Better, far, a crust of bread, in the wide open country; with fresh air sweeping down from the high hills, and God's own works teaching purity and wisdom.

There seemed an unusual stillness in the court when they reached it. There was not so many people sitting in the doors, or leaning from the windows. No one spoke to them, though one little girl came after Robert, but her mother called her back, and shut the door violently.

"That's Betty, Robert," said Eddy. "Mother likes Betty, but her mother is so cross. I hate cross people, don't you?"

Robert did not answer him, for a heavy weight seemed to sink down on his heart, as they came in sight of his mother's window, and she was not sitting there to watch for them. Something had happened—she was very sick, perhaps! and quitting Eddy's hand, he ran up the steep narrow stairs. His mother was not there, where she had received them day after day, on their return. Her work-basket was on the chair—her thimble in the window—but the room was disordered, and

strange. The curtain had a lonely, dismal sound, as it flapped against a chair pushed near it.

"Mother!" called Robert; as people sometimes cry out in a doubtful dream; he began to tremble with horrid fears, and went back again from the landing, for he had gone out at first, thinking to look for her in some neighbor's room.

"Mother! where are you, Mother?" He called again, and then he saw that she was there—but lying upon the bed in a deep, deep sleep; so deep, that he could not waken her, with all his cries and moans. Nor did Eddy's sweet voice and childish caresses recall her to consciousness.

It was the sleep of DEATH.

He saw that her hands were locked so tightly, that the blood had settled with deep purple stains about the nails—her hair was unbound, and matted about the sharp, thin face. The eyes were not closed; but there was no life there; no smile of welcome for her frightened children; only a glassy, rigid stare, that was too horrible to look upon.

Then there was a trampling upon the stairs. It might have been at once or hours after, he could

not remember. The faces of the men were strange to him, but he knew the kind-hearted neighbor who tried to comfort them. But he broke away from her, though Eddy nestled upon her knee with loud and frightened sobs. He clung to that dear form, that was now straightened for the burial. But the men had their task to accomplish, and they put him one side, while they laid his mother in the rude coffin they had brought, hurriedly, as if they wished all was over. Not another glance at that dear face! No more caresses from those gentle hands! The lid was closed, and they bore their burden to a lonely, nameless grave!

It was almost like madness, the frenzy that came over the poor child, as they slowly descended the creaking staircase. Some one held him back when he would have followed them; and restrained him again when he turned to spring from the open window. Then he dashed himself upon the floor, and writhed, and moaned, as he heard them talking of his mother.

"It was a dreadful thing," they said. "So sudden and such a hopeless case."

"And the poor children," a voice answered. "Sorra a friend was there to look for them."

After a while he comprehended it all. It was the cholera they had so much dreaded. No wonder that his mother had been a victim, weak and feeble, shut up in the close court day after day, bending over her needle. She was ill all night—he remembered it now, that once he awoke and saw her leaning from the window as if to catch a breath of cooler air. And she was so very, very pale in the morning, he had begged her to lie down, but she only smiled, and told him "perhaps there would be good news from father to-day, and that would be all the rest and medicine she needed."

Yes, she called them back, and kissed them over again, after they had started for school! Ah, how sadly all these recollections came thronging to the heart of the poor lonely child.

How tenderly she had said, "my son!" and he should never hear that dear voice again! Fresh sobs and tears, and it seemed as if his heart must break.

By-and-by all was still. They had tried in vain to win him from his grief, and the only neighbor who had dared to enter the infected room had carried away his little brother, who, sobbing, had fallen asleep.

There was a bright moonlight streaming into the room, and making it almost as bright as day. He was no coward, and the loneliness did not appal him. His mother had taught him that "the darkness and the light are both alike" to our Heavenly Father, who watches over us through the silent night. But oh, the fearful loneliness, as he came to understand all that I have told you; and to feel that his mother was gone for ever!

It was the first night he could remember, for many years, that he had not knelt at her side to ask God's protection in sleep; and as this thought came to him, he remembered the beautiful things she had told him, about His unchanging love and goodness. He tried, in his childish way, to ask that Friend to comfort him. It was not a formal prayer, but the breathing of a sincere, trustful spirit, for the aid of One it believed to be all-powerful. It brought a feeling of peace and trust with its very expression, and even while his lips moved, weariness and grief overcame him, and he slept where many a one older, and perhaps braver, would have trembled to remain.

CHAPTER II.

PLANNING.

He did not wake again until the morning light came streaming in the window. Early as it was, the sun's rays were powerful, and he rose languidly, and leaning on his elbow, looked about him. It was a long time before he could remember what had happened. He knew it was something strange and fearful, for he was alone, and the room had an unnatural look. His eyes wandered to the table. There were their clean clothes piled up, ready to put away in the drawer, and a bundle of unbound shoes, just as the shop-boy had left them with their parcel of thread, and the long leather strips. The bureau drawer was open, and half the contents tossed upon the floor, as if some one had been making a hasty search there. But the bed—empty and disordered—that recalled every thing to him, though he tried to think that he had been ill, and it was a horrid dream.

It was hardly possible to realize, that one day had deprived him of the care of so dear a mother, and had left him alone in the world with Eddy.

He longed to see that bright little face again. He could not cry, although he felt more anguish than his young life had ever known before. His lips were dry and parched, and his eyes ached, with the bitter weeping of the night. He remembered that Mrs. Brown had taken his little brother away, and now he would go and find her, and perhaps she could tell him how it had all happened.

But Eddy was too young to know what he had lost. He was playing with Mrs. Brown's children, for it was late in the day, though the fragments of breakfast were standing upon the table.

Mrs. Brown, herself, was rocking to and fro, with a little girl in her arms. The child's face was deadly pale, and it seemed to be in pain, for it moaned without stopping. The mother had no time to talk with him, but pointed to the table, as if inviting him to eat, and went on with the crooning sound with which she was trying to comfort the sick child. Robert was too sick at heart to eat. He took up a bit of bread, but he could

not finish it, and seeing that the children were screaming and quarrelling in the play, he called Eddy to him, and tried to hush them.

"When is mother coming home?"—was the first thing his little brother asked him.

"Hush, Eddy"—it seemed wrong to speak her name.

"But I want to know," persisted the little fellow. "Mrs. Brown says she has gone away, and John says she is never coming back again, and we've got to go to the poor-house. Have we, Robby?"

It was the first time a thought of the future had crossed his mind. What was to become of them, indeed, without a relation that he knew of, and they had no home now. It would be long weeks before their father could know about what had happened, and send for them.

"Say—won't mother come home again? Doesn't John tell stories?" Eddy had put his arm about his brother's neck, and was flashing a look of defiance at John, who seemed determined to hold to what he had said, nevertheless.

"No," Robert said, softly—"Mother never can come back again. She is dead."

"But why didn't she take us too?" Alas! the last thought of the poor helpless mother had been a wish that she could indeed take her children with her. It was not selfish—but she knew in the keen agony of that last moment, that she was leaving them friendless and alone. No, not alone, for she died commending them to the Friend above all others.

The sick child's moans had become frightful to listen to, and the mother beckoned Robert to come to her.

"You must go for the docther"—said she, in a low, frightened voice—"for th docther forninst the corner—he as was wid y'r mother, an lives in the red brick house wid the shutthers."

Robert was older than any of the little group about him. He saw, in a moment, that no time was to be lost, and before the rest of the children had reached the door—for they followed him in a body—he was half-way down the court.

He knew the house very well. The physician who sometimes came to see his mother lived there; and his light carriage was standing before the door waiting for him to go on his daily round of visits. Robert hurried on, for fear he should

miss him, but he was just in time to stop him, as he stood on the very threshold of the shop, for he was an apothecary as well as physician—giving some directions to the lad behind the counter

"You must come, sir—now, right away," the boy said, seizing the doctor's coat in his eagerness to attract attention. "Winny Brown—her mother sent for you, and she's dreadfully sick, sir."

"Winny Brown!" said the doctor, as if trying to recall the name of a patient.

"Yes, sir, up in the court, Ludlow's Court, sir—where you used to come."

"Ah—I remember now; I was there only yesterday for a cholera patient. One of the worst cases I ever saw. No chance for hope."

Robert's heart beat violently—he knew it was his mother the doctor spoke of; poor little Winny was for a moment forgotten.

"Another case, no doubt—the cholera makes clean work of it in those alleys. Brown—that was the name of the woman who staid by the poor creature."

"Please, sir, *do* come"—urged Robert, for the thought of Mrs. Brown's rough, but honest kindness, recalled to him the urgency of the case.

"In one moment, my little lad—one moment. James, see that those pills go directly to Miss Johnson. The powders are for her father—and mind you, don't give prussic acid for salts—as a young fellow down town did yesterday, and has got to pay for it. If the child dies, it's a prison job. Have the horse all ready when I come back. I haven't a moment to lose these times."

So, snatching up a vial of some active remedy, and talking to James as he went, the doctor started on his benevolent errand: benevolent in every sense of the word, for he knew there was little recompense to be gained in Ludlow's Court. Its miserable inhabitants could scarcely provide food. Medical attendance was a luxury they must be dependent upon charity for.

"So it's a child," he said to Robert, talking as fast as he walked. "And when was it taken —and what have they done for it?"

"I don't know, sir, but it's very sick, and Mrs. Brown doesn't seem to know any thing but that, and she told me to come for you."

"You're not one of Mrs. Brown's children?" asked the doctor suddenly, struck by the purity of the child's voice and accent. "You are not Irish?"

"Oh, no; but she was so good to my mother, and she took care of Eddy last night, and I'm afraid Winny took the sickness in our room."

"Why! you're one of those very children. I ought to have known you before, but I was thinking about that stupid James. He'll sell arsenic for sulphur, some day. So it was your mother! poor little fellow; why I remember her calling you a famous nurse last spring. Poor woman, her trouble was soon over."

The tears sprang to Robert's eyes. The doctor's tone was so kind, and it brought his present trouble to fresh remembrance.

"If your mother had not been so weak, she was the last one to take the cholera," continued the doctor. "She was always so neat, and kept things so tidy about her. Now no wonder half the people take every epidemic that's going, they live more like swine than human beings. Cold water is one of the best preservatives of health, whatever it may be as a cure. And then their food, half the time too rich for any one to digest, badly cooked, and eaten in haste. The worst of it is, they always have to make up for it; and the famine is as bad for them as the feast.

But do you know what you are to do now, that this good mother of yours is gone?"

"I should like to go to my father, sir."

"But travelling costs money, and Mrs. Brown took charge of all that was in your room last night. It wouldn't take you further than New-York."

Robert's face fell. This was the only thought that had comforted him. What would become of them indeed!

"Mrs. Brown and I talked it over last night. She's a rough jewel of a woman, and I always liked your mother somehow. So I thought what could be done for you boys. There was only one thing we could think of. What do you suppose I was going to do, after my day's work was over? Get a permit for you to go out on the farm, as we call it, until your father could send to you."

Robert knew he must mean the poor-house, and John had overheard the conversation no doubt. That was what he had told Eddy.

He was too young to understand what an alms house was, but he had always associated it with disgrace. Eddy, young as he was, had learned the same feeling. He could not help it. His

face colored to a deep crimson, when the doctor asked him how he thought he would like it.

But they had reached Ludlow's Court, and he was spared the answer, for the doctor was soon at Mrs. Brown's side, and placed his hand upon the cold forehead of the moaning little Winny. The boy was glad to feel of some use to good Mrs. Brown. He brought the water and heated it for the hot bath the doctor ordered, and ran back to the office to get some laudanum drops from James. In half an hour the child seemed easier, and the doctor took leave promising to come again at noon.

Winny did not die. She was one of the few of the many cases in Ludlow's Court that resisted the attack of this fearful disease. When good Doctor Cook came in, as he had promised, the worst symptoms had disappeared, and the grateful mother poured out her thanks in a torrent of gratitude.

Robert all this while did not approach his friend of the morning. He was trying to comfort Eddy, who was now crying bitterly for his mother. John teazed him, and he was tired of play. He

began to understand that his mother would not return.

"Come, come, this won't do," said Dr. Cook, turning suddenly round. "Crying, my little fellow! Why, be a man, like your brother there."

Robert had shrunk from the doctor's notice, for he feared that he had come to tell him they were to be taken to the alms-house. He had been brooding over it all the morning, and it seemed more and more like disgrace, a feeling that many poor people are taught from infancy. But Robert remembered how his mother had feared the necessity when she was ill. She had been the daughter of a small farmer in the country, and brought up with a feeling of honest pride in the independence of her parents.

"I'm not as good as my word," said the doctor a moment after. "I have not had time to attend to that little matter for you yet. Mrs. Brown will have to take care of you another night. But she won't grumble at that I guess just now. You won't like it out there at first perhaps; but there's nothing like getting used to new quarters. Only lazy people dread it, and you are any thing but lazy, I'll answer for it."

"Please, sir"—Robert began.

"Well, what's to please me?—out with it."

"I know you are very kind—but we wouldn't like to go—Eddy and me."

But what will you do?" asked the physician, more seriously. "You must not be foolish, and Mrs. Brown has all these "childer" of her own to see to. Besides—bread and butter costs something, and where is the small change to come from?"

The doctor came over to the window and patted him on the head as he spoke.

"I'm sure we could find father;"—the child had been resolving every thing in his mind through the day, but he had no more idea of distance than he had of means. "We could walk—and some times beg a ride, sir."

"Your poor little feet could give out long before you had gone fifty miles, and it's more than ten times fifty. No, no, that can't be thought of."

"Indeed, sir, I would rather walk every step of the way—and carry Eddy."

The doctor looked down into the clear eyes turned on him with so much earnestness, and was

struck by the determination which his words and tone evinced.

"I do believe you'd manage it," he said, involuntarily thinking aloud; there was so much manliness and honesty in the expression of his face, remarkable for one so young.

"You are your mother's own boy. I only wish I could afford to pay your expenses myself."

But the doctor's generosity was limited by a very narrow purse, and he had daily more calls upon his naturally benevolent heart than a wealthier man could have satisfied. However—all praise be to him for it—he did what he could when he found that the boy's determination was not to be shaken. He found a purchaser for the few articles of furniture,—a part of the wedding gifts poor Mary Lewis had prized so much—in the pawnbroker on the corner. He knew it was less than the well-made articles were worth, but ten dollars seemed a fortune to Robert, and he did not know that the other five had been added by the doctor himself. Mrs. Brown produced three more, the little hoard of their mother, and a few shillings in change were found in her work-basket. The well-saved but slender ward-

robe she had possessed, was by the doctor's advice given to their kind neighbor, and their own, well-mended but wonderfully neat and clean, was tied in a large handkerchief ready for the journey.

All these little preparations took until the afternoon of the next day. The doctor had written their father's address upon a card, which he charged Robert to be very careful of, and he had taken a map to show them the towns through which they must pass. Nor did his kindness stop here. He drove them in his own light carriage to the wharf—after a tearful leave-taking of Mrs. Brown, John, and Winny—saying that he had an errand that way. What his errand was, may be guessed from the fact that he interceded with the captain of a boat, for a free deck passage down the river, and then bade them good-by hurriedly, as if he was already beyond his time, shaking Robert by the hand as if he had been a man, and patting Eddy's curly little head, as he told him to be a good boy and mind his brother.

"I shall hear of that boy yet," he said to himself, as he turned to take a last look at them as the boat moved off. "I'd trust him to take care of himself any where."

So farewell to kind Doctor Cook, one of those "good Samaritans" who adorns his profession, bringing light and hope to the sick room, and consolation to the chamber of death. And though his good deeds were not done to be seen of man, "verily he has his reward."

CHAPTER III.

GOING FORTH.

Robert did not feel, when the doctor bade him good-by, that he had left behind the very few who had any interest in the children of the poor mechanic. The world is not filled with such men, as the physician had proved himself to be, and people generally have quite too much to think of to become deeply interested in entire strangers.

The two children sat in one corner of the deck with their arms around each other, and the precious bundle swinging from Robert's arm. There were few passengers in that part of the boat, for the emigrants are mostly on their way Westward, and very few people who had not urgent business ventured to enter New-York, while the cholera was at its height. The doctor had thought of their exposure to it, among other difficulties attending their journey; but the panic was universal, and he came to the conclusion, that it was no worse in

proportion to the population, than in their own city. It was a hazardous undertaking in every point of view, but somehow he had great faith in Robert's determination, and he feared lest the confinement and rude intercourse of the alms-house should break so fine a spirit.

So there was no one to notice them or talk to them for a long time, but Eddy was fully occupied and interested in watching the monotonous revolutions of the engine, and listening to the strange clang of the machinery, which gave as it were life and motion to the iron arms. Robert looked at the long foaming track they were leaving behind, at the green shores by which they passed; and though the gentle motion soothed him, he thought of his mother, and how much she would have enjoyed the fresh air, and the beautiful scenery. He had scarcely any recollection of the country, but his mother had often described to them her early home, amid the hills that bordered this very river, and he watched them as they glided by, wondering if he had not seen the very one on which the homestead stood.

Then he thought of the great change the last two days had made. He could scarcely believe

he was the same boy that had fulfilled his regular daily tasks, without any care, except a wish to assist his mother, and so kindly watched over by her. Now she was lost to him, and he had been suddenly thrust upon the world, not only to make his own way through its difficulties, but also to provide for their mother's darling child, little Eddy.

By this time, Eddy had become in some measure accustomed to the novelty of all around him, and was quite tired of sitting still in one position. Robert followed him as he ran about the deck from one side to the other, in constant terror, lest he should fall overboard, notwithstanding the high railing made it perfectly secure. By and by they ventured nearer the cabin, where the first class passengers were seated in groups, some reading, some talking, and all looking very comfortable for a warm day.

"Oh, only see," Eddy cried out, "what pretty things! Do come here, Robby!" and his brother followed, more to keep him out of mischief, than to admire the pretty things.

But he was quite dazzled by what he saw. He had never imagined such magnificence: the

white and gilded walls, the rich curtains of the berths, the beautiful mirror, and above all, Eddy's especial admiration, the chandelier, with its glittering pendants flashing to and fro with the motion of the boat. He almost thought the flowers scattered over the soft velvet carpet were real; and wondered how the people could walk about on them so carelessly. The ladies, who were lolling on the sofas and in the rocking chairs, how beautiful they were, too! It seemed as if they were born to live in the midst of these lovely things. Their shining hair was smoothly parted, not tucked back, like Mrs. Brown's, with a broken comb, and their white hands were covered with rings, that sparkled almost as beautifully as the drops on the chandelier. They did not look as if they knew what it was to work. Poor Mrs. Lewis wore no rings but the plain gold circle given at her marriage, and her hands were cut and blackened by drawing the stout thread through them, hour after hour. Robert wondered if these ladies knew there were poor people who had to work so hard to earn their bread.

And as he thought this, a child—it was just what he had imagined an angel must be—with

blue eyes and long golden curls, came to one of these very ladies and called her "mamma."

The lady was reading, and did not seem to wish to be disturbed, for she said, "Nurse," to a neat looking mulatto woman, "take Lily on deck awhile."

The little girl walked away very quietly, as if she were well pleased with the arrangement, and they came towards the door where the boys were standing. Robert almost held his breath while she passed by. The fluttering drapery of her white dress touched his sleeve, and he looked into her large beautiful eyes. He scarcely knew that she was gone, for his eyes were fixed on her in strange admiration. He had often wished for a sister. He had sometimes fancied what she would be like, and how proud he would be of her, and what care he would take of her. He had never seen any thing so lovely as this child before. She was so delicate and pure. So unlike the little girls he had seen at school, in their chintz dresses and stiff brown hair.

Eddy seemed to share his admiration. "What a pretty little girl—wouldn't you like to play with her, brother?" he said.

So the two instantly followed to where the child was playing with her nurse, under an awning. They watched her graceful movements for a long time. Every one seemed to admire her. The ladies who were walking up and down stopped to ask her name of the gratified nurse, and the gentlemen tried to bribe her away with sweetmeats, which she refused. At last she seemed to notice Robert, who had drawn as near as he dared to, and was still watching her intently. Then she slid down from her nurse's knee, and came up to him, for there were no other children on deck, and she began to be tired of the servant.

"Her name is Lily"—he said softly, not seeing that Eddy had crept away. "Lily is such a pretty name, just like a flower."

"Did you call me?" said the little girl, coming close to him with all the frankness of childhood.

Robert colored, for he did not think he had spoken aloud.

"Are you going to New-York?" said she again, as if determined to make him speak.

"Yes," he answered, hesitatingly. It seemed wrong for him to be talking with such a beautiful vision.

"Does your father live there? where is your mamma? I don't see her."

Robert's lip trembled at the question. "I have no mother," he said. "She died, and she has gone to heaven."

"Poor little boy!" and Lily's eyes grew dim with the quick sympathy of her loving heart. "Haven't you got any little sister?"

"No, there's only Eddy and me. Eddy is a great deal younger than I am."

"Was that the little boy I saw with you? I wish I had a little brother. Mamma has only Lily, and papa—where's your papa? she asked suddenly, as if it had just been suggested to her mind.

"A great ways off. I have not seen him for a year. But we are going to him now, and I hope we shall always stay there."

"But who takes care of you?" persisted Lily, looking up into her young companion's face with an eager glance. "Mamma, and Catharine, and Uncle John take care of me. Have you got an Uncle John?"

Just then a tall handsome man came out upon deck. He had a curling beard and moustache, and his fine face had a haughty air as he looked

around him; more especially when he saw Lily, who was now close to Robert, in conversation with a boy, evidently belonging to one of the deck passengers.

"Lily—Lily, come here," he called, rather sharply.

"That's Uncle John, and I must go"—said the child. "He seems cross sometimes, but he never scolds very hard."

"Come, child," said the uncle, approaching them.

Lily looked up into Robert's sad face, for the animation with which he had chatted with her was fading away; and in the innocence of her heart she would have put her arms about his neck and kissed him; the only way of consolation known to her. But her uncle was looking on, and Catharine, with a frightened air, now came to separate them, so she only put her little white hand in his and said—"Don't cry—I'll come and talk to you again."

But the boy also heard the fretful remonstrance of the nurse, who saw Lily's uncle was displeased, and the gentleman himself said, almost angrily—

"I'm ashamed of you, Lily—talking with such a little vagabond. Can't you find any other companion than a beggar boy?"

"He's not a beggar boy," the child answered daringly—"and I like to talk to him."

But the last was lost to Robert, who heard only the uncle's insulting words, and anger and mortification took the place of the gentle feelings that had been welling up in his heart. He could not understand why Lily should not be allowed to talk with him, or how he looked like a beggar. If the gentleman had but taken pains to glance a second time, he would not have been afraid of any contamination from the mind mirrored forth in that gentle, honest face. But he judged only from first appearances, like many of his class, and the boy's clothes, fashioned by his mother's hand, were unfashionably though neatly made, and had more than one repair in the shape of darns or a patch. Had he been a rich man's child, the linen collar, with its jaunty tie, the fine Leghorn hat, and the gloves shielding his hands from exposure to the sun, would all have spoken in his favor, and the uncle had doubtless smiled at the display of juvenile gallantry. As it was, Robert had his

first lesson in those social distinctions which—to our shame be it spoken—separate the rich and poor, even in our own country; no matter what may be the claims of refinement and intelligence.

Poor child! It was not the only blow his sensitive nature was to receive. Little do we estimate the "weight of words." They may bruise many a wounded spirit, even when lightly spoken, and forgotten as soon as said.

Lily's uncle deposited the child at her mother's side, and shortly after lighted a costly cigar and walked to the other end of the boat, to enjoy its delicious fragrance. Robert with swelling heart, to which all his trouble seemed recalled with double force, called Eddy to him, and crouched down behind a coil of ropes—to escape the observation of all. And there he sat brooding over his mother's death, and the uncertainty of the search he had undertaken, which now for the first time appalled him. At first it had been but a vague desire. Any thing to escape the terror of the alms-house, and to see his father again. Then all had been hurry and excitement, with no chance for reflection. Eddy, weary with the fatigues of the

preceding days, and untroubled by the past or future, had fallen asleep with his head upon Robert's knee. His brother stooped down and kissed his forehead tenderly, as a girl might have done, for he remembered how fondly his mother had bent over her youngest born. "Her sunny boy," she used to call him, when his rich ringing laugh came to dispel all sombre thought, or his caresses, boisterous though they were, brought smiles to her faded face.

Gradually the glorious sunset faded into a deepening twilight. The outlines of the shore became indistinct, and the mountains seemed to heave up like giants in the pathway. Now and then they would pass some town or village with its cheerful hum and clustering lights, breaking upon the darkness and stillness. The deck would be crowded for a moment by departing or arriving passengers; then the hoarse voices of the sailors, as they drew the wet ropes through their toil-hardened hands, and the quick trampling of feet died away, and all was quiet again. There was a steady gleam of light from the cabin windows—he knew Lily was there, and the thought was almost like companionship. By and by—the flare of the

blaze reflected upon the water,—the paler stars overhead became blended and confused. The clank of the machinery sounded afar off- and the boy had forgotten his troubles in sleep.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FIRST STEP.

What a change from the quiet of nature upon which his eyes had closed, was the scene which greeted him when he woke! The shock of the boat striking her wharf had roused him, and Eddy was awake to, rubbing his eyes still sleepily but good-naturedly, as if he wondered where they were, and what was to be done next. All was bustle and confusion around them. The sailors were trampling about the decks, and one of them rudely pushed them one side, and asked them if they "did not know better than to stand in the way"

Trunks, carpet-bags, and boxes were strewed around them, for the baggage room was open, and sleepy cross-looking passengers were pointing out their property. Cabmen with their long whips were crowding the gangway, shouting—"Carriage sir"—"Irving House Coach?"—"take you right

up Broadway, sir"—and a hundred other cries, which were quite a foreign language to our inexperienced travellers. Sometimes there were joyful greetings exchanged between those who had just arrived, and friends who came to meet them, with rapid inquiries for "all at home" or compliments upon the good looks of those returning. It was a busy, animated scene, all eager, all excited, after the remains of the drowsiness had passed away, and Robert, alive to new impressions, was deeply interested.

Presently he heard a voice that sounded familiar, and turned just in time to see Lily hurried into an elegant carriage, waiting upon the wharf. Her mother, looking very lovely, was already seated there, and Uncle John came bustling along with a dressing-case under his arm, giving some direction to a porter, about a pile of baggage which belonged to them. Robert sprang to the railing and waved his hand to Lily. He could not help it, even though they all saw him. He could not tell whether she noticed it or not,—but she leaned back from the carriage window, until it was out of sight, watching the boat. Perhaps she was thinking of him, at any rate—and he could see

her, as lovely as before with the curls falling about her face, and her sweet smile.

Now she was gone—the only one who had spoken a kind word to him since he had parted from his friends; for the captain, whose easy good nature had given them their passage, was too busy to bestow a thought upon his friend the doctor's proteges, and they had instinctively avoided the notice of the passengers. But though no one watched for them, or came to conduct them to a home where loving ones waited them, they must leave the boat and mingle with the crowd. Robert lingered for a long time, even with Eddy pulling him by the arm, for the child longed to see what was before him, and the boat had been explored the night before. His brother felt as if he was leaving the last thing that connected him with his old home, his few friends, and the memory of his mother. He looked out upon the wharf, crowded with bales, and boxes, and drays—and his heart failed him. For a moment he half resolved to remain on board, and return in the boat. But the alms-house—and the cruel overseer he had heard the poor people in the court talk about! No, that would not do—for his father might never

hear he was there, and they would be left to grow up with no one to care for them, or love them.

There was no return; for in another moment he had crossed the plank, leading Eddy by the hand, and carrying the bundle. Now for the first time he was to act for himself, for both of them, and to prove whether he really had that courageous spirit the doctor fancied he had discovered.

The faces of the crowd were all strange. Every one seemed in haste, jostling each other, and running almost under the wheels of the carriages. The wharf was crowded with steamboats, many of them larger than the one they had just left. Bells were ringing, the hiss of escaping steam mingling with their clangor, and a distant roaring of wheels increased the din. The boys stood bewildered, not knowing which way to take, or what to seek. Eddy, in alarm, clung more tightly to his brother's hand, and impeded his movements.

They could not be long stationary, however, in the busy metropolis. They were jostled from side to side, and Eddy was nearly knocked into the

water by a bale of hay from a barge that was unloading at the slip. He was not hurt, but he was terribly frightened, and his sobs added to Robert's perplexity.

"But it will never do," he thought to himself, "to give it up at the beginning;" and so he stifled his own fear, and said cheerfully,

"I guess we'll get some breakfast, won't we, Eddy? perhaps we'll feel better then."

Robert unconsciously had spoken a bit of true philosophy. Troubles look lighter after a hearty meal, and hunger is one of the most dispiriting influences under which we can act.

By this time, they had reached one of the streets which front the wharves of this immense harbor, and before them was one of those stalls, which look so tempting on the street-corners of large cities. There were nuts, and cakes, and candies, in great profusion, and fruit, stale to be sure, but with the best side put towards customers, and this was presided over by a countrywoman of Mrs. Brown's, who, seeing the wistful eyes, called out—

"Well, honeys, an' what 'll ye's be afther buying?" "Oh, give me a cake, Robby, please," said Eddy, who had quite brightened up with the pros-

pect of breakfast, "and an orange. I think an orange would be so nice."

"Two for sixpence," said the woman, turning her wares, that they might be seen to advantage "an' one o' thim candy sticks in the bargain."

It was certainly very tempting to two children who had eaten nothing since noon of the day before, and who had the money in their own hands to spend as they pleased. Robert turned over the two sixpences and the pennies which his pocket contained, but then he remembered what he had been advised by the thoughtful doctor, to "eat no trash, especially cakes, and avoid half-ripe fruit like poison."

It was a great act of self-denial, almost heroic, as he saw Eddy's longing eyes already desiring the dainties. But now the boy's spirit began to show itself, for he drew his brother away, while the old woman's cunning smiles changed to uncomplimentary remarks, to say the least, as they passed on. It was not in the least romantic—but Robert's first purchase on his own account was half a pound of hard crackers, and some salt fish, at a little grocery-cellar near by. But they made a hearty breakfast I can assure you, sitting down

upon the steps of a large unoccupied warehouse, and needing no plates, or knives and forks.

It was then, for the first time, Robert thought of their toilettes, as he saw Eddy's tangled curls peeping from beneath the coarse palm-leaf hat. But appliances for a comfortable bath are not to be met with on street-corners, and he was obliged to content himself with smoothing down Eddy's hair and his own, as best he could, and tying afresh the bits of ribbon in their collars.

When one has lost a friend there are little things happening many times a day to bring them freshly to recollection. It was their mother's hand that had always adjusted with loving vanity this part of their simple dress. Robert remembered, with a thrill of pain, the kiss that had always followed it, as he took his school books and bade her good-bye. Once more that strange bewildered feeling came over him, that he was acting in a dream, and he should wake and find it so.

They went on more bravely now. The remains of breakfast stored in the bundle of clean clothes for another meal, and they had grown accustomed to the bustle and confusion around them. They

had asked the man from whom they had made their purchases, where the Philadelphia cars went from, and he had told them as well as he could, but bade them inquire as they went along, of any one they might chance to meet. The cars would not go now until afternoon, he said, and they had plenty of time to "walk around a bit."

Robert was not sorry for this. He had read about the great metropolis often, and had fancied he should enjoy a visit to it very much. Trinity Church with its high steeple, how he should like a look from the top of it. And there was the City Hall, and the Battery, that were described in his geography. But they saw none of these fine sights—for Robert found their small city, large as it had seemed to him, was only a village in comparison to New-York. The streets ran into each other oddly enough, and though he tried to follow the man's directions, he soon lost all the landmarks that had been pointed out to him, and wandered on, hoping every moment to come on some public building he would recognize from the pictures he had seen of them. But houses in pictures and *real* houses are two very different things, and though he must have passed very

near Trinity Church, and crossed Broadway, he did not know the one or the other—but seemed to be only in a maze of busy streets, where every one looked as if they were hurrying for life, and had no time to stop and tell people the way. On and on, wandered the children, still hand in hand, and like Eddy's favorite little people of romance, the babes in the woods. The streets grew narrower and more crooked,—the people they met were like a different race from those they had first seen. Squalor, and want, and wretchedness, were everywhere around them, and though they had always, since their remembrance at least, lived among the poor, they could but wonder at the misery which now met their eyes.

Children no larger than themselves were fighting and quarrelling at the corners, and even in the middle of the street. Robert, who had been so carefully guarded from evil influences, shuddered as the holy Name he had been taught so much reverence for, was coarsely taken in vain. The court had contained both destitute and wicked people, but here there was street upon street of wretched dilapidated houses swarming with miserable inhabitants. And all this is within a stone's

throw almost of the great thoroughfare, where wealth and elegance roll as in a tide, and thousands are daily changing hands; adding yet more to the coffers of the rich, and, it may be, taking a part of their miserable pittance from the poor.

The heat of the sun grew more and more intense. They had wandered miles without knowing it, and their feet began to be sadly weary. It was already afternoon, and the sunshine beat upon the filthy pavement, or was reflected with a glow still more intense from the walls. Shade, there was none, save now and then a dilapidated awning over some corner store, where vegetables, meat, household articles and liquors were sold indiscriminately, to any one who called for them. It was in one of these uninviting shops, that Robert first ventured to inquire the way. A woman with a baby on her arm was waiting at the counter for change to the quarter she had given for a small roll of butter. The child had large hollow eyes, as one prematurely old, and the mother was thin, and stooped as if with labor or illness. A dirty little girl, with a bold saucy face, stared at them curiously, as she offered a suspicious looking bottle to be filled at the back counter. She had a small

dark loaf of bread wrapped in a handkerchief, and this was probably the whole dinner of her family. Robert waited patiently until both customers were served, and the man behind the counter called out, "Well, younker, what are you after?"

"Can you tell me the way to the Philadelphia cars?"—he asked timidly, for the man had a coarse disagreeable face, and did not look as if he would disturb himself very much to oblige any body.

He eyed them with a curious gaze, before he said any thing, looking first at their faces, and then at their bundle.

"What do *you* want with the Philadelphia cars, eh? Going on your travels?"

"We are going to Philadelphia, sir," Robert answered, as politely as he could, yet moving towards the door, for somehow he felt uncomfortable.

"Oh, ye are, are ye. Got your baggage I suppose. How comes your pa to let ye travel alone. Come, don't move off so fast. I haven't told ye the way yet. S'pose ye stop here a minute while Dan'l minds the shop, and I'll go and bring somebody, as can show ye right where ye want to go."

"Dan'l" was a boy who had been all this time

rinsing stone bottles at the corner-pump. He seemed very small of his age, and had a sharp, thin face, with a cunning glance of the eye, that was any thing but an agreeable expression. He could not have been much older than Robert, but as his father observed he could already "drive a fust rate bargain," and was often left at the counter.

"Set down, set down," said the man as he went out. "I won't keep you waiting long. An eye on customers, eh, Dan'l!" and then he winked to the young hopeful, as much as to say, "keep a sharp look-out."

He was as true as his word, and did not keep them long, but returned with a tall man who wore a star on his breast, such as Robert had seen in the pictures of Napoleon. While the grocer was absent Robert had been thinking that he had wronged him after all, for it was certainly very good in him to leave his shop to oblige them—and now seeing so fine a gentleman with him—he imagined it must be a captain at least, and made him a very polite bow, as he came towards them.

But the officer took no notice whatever of his civility. "So these are the chaps, are they," said

he, "pretty young to be in such business? Come along, sonny,—what's in that there bundle?"

He seized Eddy's hand, rather roughly, Robert thought, but he cooly said—

"Will you take us to the cars, sir?"

"Pretty good that," the man said, laughing with the grocer, as if it was an excellent joke. "Yes, I'll take ye a road you'll travel pretty often with this beginning."

"Don't let's go with him, Robby," said Eddy, shrinking back. Please don't, brother—*you* find the way."

"Too late for that now, my young Jack Sprat, —here, give us that bundle, and hurry up."

"You cum to the wrong shop," the grocer added with another of these disagreeable leers. "Next time you try shop-lifting, don't walk right into the mouth of the police."

Robert knew that "shop-lifting" meant stealing; that, too, was a part of his education in the court, where honesty was *not* considered "the best policy" by many juvenile offenders. He began to understand what the man meant, and drew back indignantly.

"I'm not a thief," he said, his color mounting,

and his eyes flashing with shame and anger. He who had never taken the value of a penny that did not belong to him! He could not believe for a moment, that any one would dare to accuse him of such a thing.

"All very fine," said the policeman—for the star was a badge of his office;—"but I've heard such things before. Of course, you ain't going to own up. But here's proof against you," and he shook the bundle in his face.

"Those are my clothes, and Eddy's, and the money is mine too!" exclaimed the boy, choking with mingled terror and mortification.

"Oh ho! so there's money, too! He'll put it in safe-keeping for you," said the grocer; "so off with you; and, Dan'l, you see what people gets by such tricks."

Resistance or remonstrance was all in vain. The policeman would not stop to examine the bundle. He took the word of his friend, the grocer, that it contained stolen goods, and the man himself seemed to think he had done a particularly praiseworthy action in delivering two such juvenile offenders into custody. "Dan'l" followed them down the street, as the policeman hurried

them along, grasping a hand of each in a hold it was in vain to think of escaping from,—making various impertinent gestures, and calling out "stop thief!" every time they passed a knot of boys on the corners.

Poor Robert! It was more than his proud, sensitive nature could bear, for, nothing loath, the young idlers joined their delighted young persecutor in the hue and cry, and even men and women looked on with apparent curiosity, at what was not an unfrequent occurrence in that quarter of the city. Eddy's fright had subsided into a kind of vague terror and wonder, but Robert felt every curious glance, every ribald word, and was hurried on with downcast eyes and blushing cheeks, as if he had been indeed the culprit he seemed.

CHAPTER V.

THE ARREST.

It seemed as if the walk would never come to an end. Weary little Eddy lagged far behind, and was ordered to keep up in no very gentle language. They passed through streets more like those Robert had seen in the first of the day. Old clothes were swinging from wooden frames above the store doors—bright articles of fancy jewelry were displayed in glass cases. Pawnbrokers' shops with the three golden balls attracted the needy at almost every corner, with announcements of "money loaned on the smallest deposits," and itinerant venders of soap, matches, fruits, and candies, jostled them at every step.

But Robert scarcely looked about him, until at last the policeman tapped him on the shoulder, and said—

"Look here, you young rascal! That's where the city will give you board and lodging for noth-

ing. That building's the Tombs, my fine bird. Splendid hotel—excellent rooms—and nice accommodations!"

There was something very dismal in the name, and still more so was the building itself as it loomed up from the end of the street they had entered. It was surrounded by dingy houses, and was dingy itself, though massive in its structure and proportions. It was built of dark stone, in a style Robert had never seen before, and looked as strong as the castles of old times of which he had read. He knew it was a prison, and shuddered, but his heart would have lost all hope, could he have seen through those heavy walls, and looked upon the unhappiness, and the sin of those whom they separated from the outer world.

"You won't stay there long, to be sure, for being its July, they'll give you country lodgings, you and that little brother of yours. You ought to be ashamed to drag him into such mischief! I s'pose you know I mean going down below,—to the Penitentary," continued the man who seemed to be in a talkative humor.

But Robert answered nothing. A sickening fear of the prison came over him, and the alms-

house was a bright picture beside it. Eddy too—must he be shut up in a close stifling cell, when even the pleasant school-room had been so wearisome? He would die—Eddy would die—and he be left alone to bear the anguish and the shame. But had the policeman the power he threatened? *Could* he close the prison doors upon them—and cut off all life and hope? Perhaps he could get some one to write to Doctor Cook, and he would prove that they were honest boys.

They were honest! Yes, he had been thinking of punishment as inevitable. The policeman could not prove any thing against them, and the Judge would believe that he told the truth.

Ah, poor child! little did he know how easily innocence is confounded with guilt,—and the very place in which he had been found would tell against him, for many juvenile offenders against the laws of God and man had been traced to those miserable precincts. No wonder that the children who have known no other home learn speedily the only education open to them, a knowledge of theft and deception, which they see practised every where around. How can they be expected to obey laws of which they have never heard? "*Thou*

shalt not steal," has never been taught to them, and a dread of detection is their only conscience.

Twelve, rang loudly from a neighboring church clock, as they were led like guilty culprits up those wide stone steps, and into an immense hall supported by large columns, like those at the entrance. Eddy shrunk back, with undefined terror. Every thing was so strange and gloomy. The very coolness, after the hot sunshine without, seemed disagreeable. The hall was filled with groups of people, hanging about the different doors which opened from it. Coarse oaths and exclamations, resounded on all sides; several policemen, with their glittering stars, were trying to keep something like order, and welcomed the new comer with "what's in hand now?" as he brought forward his little prisoners.

"You're rather late," one said, "there wa'nt much to dispose of this morning, and Justice Drinker has just gone into his private den, so there's no getting at him. You'd better put these young people in the lock-up at once."

"What did he lift?" another inquired carelessly, pointing at Robert with his thumb.

"Oh, I haven't looked into things yet, but

Jones, the grocer in Catharine-street, near my beat, caught him at it, and it didn't take much science after that, you know!"

"He didn't catch me at any thing," interrupted Robert, whose resentment overcame his fear.

"Bless me! he's as bold as though he'd served his time down below. Sing'ler how they all plead 'not guilty,'" said the man.

"Indeed he did not! and I only stopped into the store to inquire the way to the Philadelphia cars. I never stole a pin in my life, and I wouldn't if I was starving!"

"Don't cry, Robby," said Eddy, comfortingly, stealing closer to his brother, for tears were running down the boy's face. "He's a bad wicked man, and I hate him, and I'll tell the doctor of him, I will!"

The policemen broke into a broad laugh, at this chlidish threat, and the unconscious gesture of menace which accompanied it. Buttheir boisterous mirth was hushed, and they touched their hats respectfully, as a door near them opened, and two gentlemen came out, theone making his parting compliments, and the other with a pen in his hand, as if he had just risen from a desk.

The children were directly in the way, and Eddy, with all the fearlessness and confidence of childhood, looked up, with his arm still about Robert's neck, and said appealingly—

"*Shall* these bad, naughty men take my brother to prison, sir?"

The policeman grasped his collar with a threat; but the gentleman with the pen motioned him away.

"What's all this, Jenkins?" What has he been doing? Just bring them in here to me," he said mildly, re-entering the other room.

The child's face had something so earnest, so winning in it, that, hurried as he was, he could but notice it. So he placed himself at the desk again, and the boys were led in before him.

"Two young vagrants, sir, that were prowling about Baker-street, and trying to get off out of the city with this bundle. They went into the store of a friend of mine, and began asking about the Philadelphia cars. They being over in Jersey City made him think strange at first; he began to question them, and found this big one tried to get off. But I was right in the neighborhood, and took charge of them. That's a bad street—Baker-

street—and there's been a good bit of lifting one way and another going on."

"And what have you to say to all this?" asked the Justice—for it was he—of Robert, who had now dried his tears, and confronted the policeman as he made his complaint.

"I *was* in the store sir, but I hadn't touched a thing there, or anywhere else. I only went to ask my way, and I wanted to know how to get back to the river."

"And where did you come from, my little man?" His listener was evidently interested in the frank straightforward answer he had received.

"From Albany, last night, Eddy and me."

"From Albany? and how came your father to let two such children start off alone? Just examine their bundle, Jenkins."

Encouraged by the kindly tone, it was but natural for Robert to tell their simple history. Its very childishness vouched for its truth, and its trials created a feeling of pity, that they should have been added to by this error. The Justice had evidently wished to believe it—nay, in his heart of hearts, he did not doubt an item of Ro-

bert's narrative, but experience had made him cautious, and he only said—

"Well, Jenkins!" to the man, who now looked up with a chagrined, disappointed air from his search.

"I don't find much, sir—only a parcel of clothes that's seen pretty good service. But this looks suspicious—a purse with ten dollars and some silver."

"It was my mother's purse," Robert said eagerly—"she always kept her money in it, and the doctor gave it to me, with the pay for selling the furniture."

"What was your mother's name?" was the next inquiry.

"Mary Lewis, sir."

The policeman held up the purse. It was one of those so much in vogue a few years since, of beads wrought upon canvas with a steel clasp—and there were the initials in white letters, M. L. Poor Mrs. Lewis! It was the only piece of "fancy needlework" in which her busy fingers were ever engaged, a relic of better days, which she had cherished with care.

"This all looks right. I'm afraid your zeal

for the service has carried you a little too far, my man," Justice Drinker said, looking severely at the now somewhat humbled officer; "these boys," pointing to Robert, "ought to have help rather than hindrance. As you've taken charge of them, suppose you continue your supervision as far as the Jersey City ferry. See that they get on board, and tell them how they are to manage about the cars. Now send Allan in, I want to speak with him."

As soon as the policeman had retired, the kind man, stern though he sometimes seemed of necessity, patted Eddy upon the head, and called Robert a "brave little fellow." "But it was rather unlucky for you," he said, "that you lost your way in such a bad neighborhood. Remember to keep in the broad streets another time." And then as Jenkins returned he delivered them to the care of subordinates; and before Robert could thank him he had returned to his writing, the pen moving with almost incredible velocity to make up for lost time.

At first Robert would rather have dispensed with the attendance of the crest-fallen Mr. Jenkins; but the man had a heart after all, only he

had seen so many tricks in young offenders, and had heard so many well-arranged stories, that he was "slow to believe." Whether it was this heart asserting its right to a voice, with feelings hardened by a long course of similar occupation, or the reprimand he had just received, the policeman was unusually gracious. Eddy resisted every invitation to take his hand, however. He remembered the cruel gripe of those huge fingers, and shrunk from a second encounter.

"Now, don't fight shy," Mr. Jenkins said, appealingly, as it was indeed his earnest wish to make amends. "It was all along of that Dan'l Jones. His eyes is too sharp altogether, and my business is my business, you know. But I'm sorry for it—and you'd better just let me carry that bundle. Somebody might snatch at it."

Robert did not like to give up his property, but he was forgiving as well as unsuspicious, and the man in his rude way certainly seemed penitent. He proved it, moreover, by taking them to a cheap eating-house, when he found they had eaten nothing for many hours, and calling for meat and potatoes and plenty of bread. They made a famous dinner, which he paid for from his

own purse, and telling them good-naturedly to make the most of it, and eat heartily, for they wouldn't have such a dinner given to them every day. He did not seem at all like the same man, that Eddy had called "naughty and wicked" an hour before. Nor did the streets seem the same as they came out once more. Every thing had taken a new aspect, for fear and dread had given place to a light-heartedness Robert had not felt since before his mother's death.

CHAPTER VI.

TROUBLE.

Robert thought that the wharf looked natural, and found, much to his amazement, it was next to the one at which they had that morning landed. The man had evidently misdirected them, or perhaps had not understood their inquiry. But there was no time for regret—the ferry-boat was just ready to push off, and swinging Eddy across the narrow gulf, every instant widening, Mr. Jenkins bade them take care of the tickets he had just procured, and took his leave.

They followed the motley crowd of men, women and babies, into the depot, when they reached the Jersey shore, and in a very few minutes were snugly seated in the cars, and flying along towards Philadelphia. There was very little incident between the two cities. No one but the conductor spoke to them, and he only asked to see their tickets, looked at them sharply and passed

on. But they made the acquaintance of a rough sailor-looking man, from beneath whose feet Robert rescued the beloved bundle, just as they were leaving the cars, and he very good-naturedly directed them to a little lodging house, where for a shilling,—a "levy" the man called it,—they were allowed a bed and their breakfast.

The stranger's forethought saved them a great deal of annoyance, for it was late in the evening when they arrived, and Robert was looking with dismay at the long row of shining lights, knowing that he must soon set foot in a strange city to seek for shelter.

The man at the lodgings could not give them any information about their future course; and the doctor in his general directions had omitted to tell them the name of their next stopping-place. But this seemed a trifling disadvantage to Robert, whose courage had all returned with the comfortable sleep in a comparatively good bed, and a thorough wash, which he enjoyed quite as much as his breakfast. Cleanliness was the first in Mary Lewis's list of household virtues, and, by Robert's care, the two looked almost as tidy as she would have made them, when they once more set forth hand in hand.

It was rather discouraging at first. "There was no Pittsburgh railroad, or boat"—they were told, and opinions seemed divided as to what route they had better take. But at last they came to a very broad street, with a railroad track passing through it, and espied a depot not far from them.

"I'll go in and ask here, Eddy," Robert said, "some of the men will tell us."

Now it so happened that the man of whom he inquired was very busy loading a car with iron, and he did not stop as he answered quickly to Robert's question—

"All right, my little man—we leave for Pottsville in less than no time."

"But will that be where we want to go?" the boy said again.

"Why, of course, if you know your own business—you'd better jump aboard pretty quick; out of the way, there!"—and a great ringing bar of iron came hurtling over their heads into the freight car.

"Isn't it lucky, Eddy—we hit it the very first thing." Robert felt very brave as he walked up to the ticket office, and asked what was the fare to

Pottsville. And then after they were safely in the cars, and the whistle had shrieked its long warning note, and they were off, out of the city and away among the green fields, he could not forbear recounting all their adventures with a great deal of satisfaction, and drew bright pictures for the future.

"Don't you think we've got along bravely, Eddy? And it wasn't so much matter about Mr. Jenkins. He was so good after all."

"Only he scolded you first so, Robby. If I only had been a man—gracious, if I wouldn't have knocked him down!"

It was a large speech for a little fellow to make, and Robert reproved him with all the gravity of older years and longer experience, for using bad words, and indulging such a belligerent temper.

"But 'gracious' isn't a bad word. Mrs. Brown used to say 'my gracious,' and 'good gracious," too. "I never heard Mrs. Brown swear," persisted Eddy.

"You never heard mother say so, though—and I guess you wouldn't have said it before her, either."

Eddy knew that very well. "Mother wouldn't like it"—was a touchstone to all their words and actions; and I have a fancy that if all children would make this a rule there would be far less rudeness and coarseness in their play and conversation. They seem to think it manly to slip out words when they are together, that they would blush to have their parents hear.

"But I didn't like Mr. Jones at all from the first, or Daniel either."

"And *Daniel's* such an ugly name"—suggested Eddy.

"Wouldn't you like to see Dr. Cook again, and Mrs. Brown"—

"And Winny, but John said we'd have to go to the poor-house. I don't like John! He made a slip-knot once, and pulled it so tight around my foot, and don't you remember he tore my kite?"

"But mother mended it, and said we must return good for evil." And this suggested a long reverie to Robert, as that conversation with his mother came back to his recollection, and he began to wonder why God, who was so good and kind, had taken away their mother and left them alone. "The Uses of Adversity," was a study

which he had just commenced, and one whose kindest teachings seem most like unkindness. Then the boy wondered to find himself so much older in the past few days. But it did not seem like a few days, now, to look back upon their events. It was as if whole weeks had intervened, and even his mother's face rose dim and indistinct, except as he had last seen her; but that he could not bear to dwell upon, for the first feeling of agony returned with a pang like real physical pain.

So he drove the recollection from his thoughts, and in place of that ghastly vision, came a sweet child's face. It was Lily's, just as she had looked up into his eyes, as she said "poor little boy." Mrs. Brown had been kind, and Dr. Cook had tried to comfort him, but the sympathy of a child's heart had been the first to touch his own deeply.

So the day went on, Eddy asking a thousand curious questions, as a bright lad naturally would when every thing was so new and strange. When they came to a long curve, and could see the locomotive sweeping ahead, and the long train of cars crawling after it like a gigantic serpent, he would clap his hands in delight at the deep fiery breath-

ings of the iron steed; but as the down train passed them thundering along, almost with the rapidity of lightning, he actually turned pale with a momentary fear, and, as was his custom at such moments, clung to Robert, as if nothing could harm him under that dear brother's protection.

It was a lesson to many children we have seen, the perfect trust and confidence of the one, and the loving protection of the other. No quarrelling, no fretfulness; for Robert would almost have given life itself for Eddy's safety, and Eddy's sunny temper kept alive the hopes and the resolutions that had been formed at first for his sake. We have known many a boy, manly in all other things, who would consider it a great sacrifice to give up even a favorite plaything, because it was his own. Robert scarcely knew the feeling, for from his earliest recollection Eddy had been the pet and darling of all.

The crackers of yesterday made a capital lunch, so they were not in the least hungry or weary when they arrived at the place of their destination. It was a long, scattered town or village, and as they had no luggage to encumber them, they soon commenced exploring it. But they had

not gone far before Robert recollected that he had better inquire first how they were to proceed, and he found a man lolling by the hotel or tavern with his hands in his pockets, as if he had nothing to do but answer questions.

"To Pittsburgh, indeed!" and he broke into a laugh that half frightened Robert; it reminded him of Mr. Jones, the grocer. "Why, you're on the wrong track, entirely. If you want to go to Pittsburgh, you'd better start back the way you came. What on earth sent you up here to these coal diggings?"

It was only too true. And a bystander explained that they should have taken the Harrisburgh cars instead of the Pottsville train. Both were towards the interior of the State, but so far as getting on to Pittsburgh was concerned, they might as well be in Philadelphia.

"There's a train starts right off," said the first speaker, "and if you don't want to lose time you'd better go back in it."

It was the first real disappointment, and Robert's elation gave way for a moment. If he had not been ashamed he could have cried before them all; for besides the loss of time, and having

to go the route over again, two dollars was no trifle for them to lose out of their small fund. But Robert gulped down the tears, and walked away to the depot without speaking, for fear his unsteadiness of voice should discover his trouble to Eddy, who, as usual, was content to do just as Robert said.

The depot was full of people hanging about. Men packing the baggage car, close by the side of the locomotive that stood there with its burnished face hissing and foaming, as if it was impatient to be gone on its rapid journey. The boys sat down upon the first seat that offered itself, and Robert leaned his head upon his hand, the very picture of despondency.

"Here, you young rascal—get off that trunk!" was the first word addressed to him by a porter who came to look after some baggage that had been placed in his care.

"There's no use in getting into a fever, Jacob, this hot day," interposed a pleasant voice, "I don't suppose the boys have hurt the trunk."

Robert looked up gratefully. The speaker was a tall benevolent-looking man, with kindly eyes, and though already gray-haired, his step

had all the firmness of youth. He patted Eddy's curls, with his ungloved hand, which was soft and beautifully formed; and the child looked up with a bright smile, for he knew he had found a friend.

"That's a fine fellow!" said he, still smiling, "and this is your brother, I suppose. Waiting for your father, eh?" For he supposed, from the coarse clothes and the bundle which they carried, that they belonged to some emigrants just arrived, to seek for work in the coal mines, which make Pottsville such an important inland town.

"No, sir, we are all alone;" Robert said. "I hope you have not run away!" and the gentleman tried to look severe; but he did not succeed very well, for it was not at all a natural expression to his face.

"Oh, no!" and the quick flush mounted to Robert's face, at suspicion. "Indeed, sir, we are going to find my father."

"I hope he doesn't live very far off. You don't look as if you were much used to travelling. But there goes that whistle, and I shall lose my place; have you got your tickets?"

Robert had not thought of them.

"Well, never mind, jump in, and I'll talk to

the conductor; though it's the best plan to attend to all these things before you start."

"'Be sure you're right—then go ahead,' as my boys say," he continued, as they were seated, the boys in front of him, for he had lifted Eddy up himself. "It's a good principle."

Robert smiled a little. "I think so, too, sir; and if I had done so, we shouldn't have been here now."

"I thought so. I thought there was a story about it, somehow. Come, tell me all about it;" and, encouraged by his kindly manner, Robert poured out all his troubles to his new acquaintance. The gentleman listened with great attention, and Robert thought he saw a tear twinkle in his eyes, as he described his mother's sudden death and their loneliness. Perhaps he was mistaken about this, for gentlemen who have lived to see the storms and calms of sixty years, very rarely have tears to bestow upon every sorrow. But certain it is that his handkerchief came into use divers times, and once he looked very hard at the sky out of the narrow window.

"A good lesson to you," said he, as Robert ended with their unlucky mistake. "But such

studies are not always as pleasant or easy as geography with the use of the globes, are they? However, it all helps to make men of you, and some good will come of it I dare say. I don't like to promise young people; I don't think it's best, generally speaking; but I must say I think you've done right not to go to the alms-house as long as you could keep out of it. There's no disgrace in the thing itself when you cannot help it, and Providence seems to shut all other doors on you. But the world's a large place, and there's many other ways for young people to get a living. I worked hard myself when I was a boy."

You never would have thought so from that small white hand, which now held Eddy's in a kindly clasp.

"Yes, my mother taught me—I know what a blessing a good mother is—a little sentence I have never forgotten:

'Act well your part—
There all the honor lies.'

"But whatever is our duty in life we must do it thoroughly. Boys nowadays—rich men's sons at any rate—are brought up to think that they are

to do nothing—not even think for themselves, until they are men grown. They must go to school—and go to college—all very well to be sure; education is a great thing; but while they depend on books alone they will never be educated."

"Perhaps I'm going a little too deep for you though," he added, seeing Eddy's eyes wandering about the car, although Robert drank in every word eagerly. "I like what you tell me about your mother. She was a good woman, I don't doubt it; and there's no blessing, as I said before, like a good mother. Why even now—and it's years and years since my mother died in my arms, never a day goes by that I don't think of her, and when I have done right it seems to me she knows and approves of it—and this thought has helped me out of many a trouble and temptation. Now your father,"—

And here Eddy, too, had something to tell. How there was nobody in the world so good as father, or made such capital tops, or told such grand stories about lions and tigers. And Robert added that once he had set him a copy, just before he went away—"Honesty and Industry"—and

another that he liked to write better still, because it sounded like poetry—"There's no such word as fail."

"And I thought of that," said the boy, "when Dr. Cook first tried to make me think I could never find father, and I said it to myself just as you came along."

"I wish you would tell me your name," Eddy rather unceremoniously interrupted; "I don't like to say sir all the time."

The gentleman laughed good-naturedly, "Hall," said he, "that's my name. I sometimes sign it, "your obedient servant, Thomas Hall." But if I was writing to you, now, I should say "your friend."

Robert understood the kindness, that this gave him a right to think of Mr. Hall as a friend —he had felt that he was, from the first. Few such friends as Dr. Cook and Mr. Hall in one week! but honesty and courage always raise friends.

"But what are you going to do now?" Mr. Hall asked presently. "If I had only known this before we started, I could have sent you over to Harrisburgh, without half the trouble. As it is,

I think I had better attend to our friend the conductor, with 'show your tickets, gentlemen'—a call I get very well accustomed to."

The conductor, with tickets in one hand, and bank notes thrust through the fingers of the other, was very polite to Mr. Hall, who seemed to be a person of some consequence in his eyes. Robert took out his mother's little purse, but Mr. Hall's *porte-monnaie* was already open, and when he had shown his own ticket, he put two bright gold dollars into the conductor's hand, and pointed to the boys.

"Put up your purse my little fellow," he said, as the conductor passed on. You will want all that's in it, and more too, before you come to your journey's end. Have you thought what you should do when it gives out?"

"No, sir—but Dr. Cook was so good to me, and you are so good, we shall get along I am sure. Don't you think God sent you to me to speak so kindly and help us along? And He will take care of us, I know—I always think so when I lie down to sleep every night.

A shade passed over Mr. Hall's face as the boy spoke his simple, earnest faith. He was not

the only one who can feel the pathos of the ballad—

> "But now, 'tis little joy—
> To know I'm farther off from heaven
> Than when I was a boy."

Manhood's trust has been tried to the very core; it has been buffeted by doubts and weakened by temptation, but the pure, earnest heart of the child says, without question or without fear—"Our Father who art in heaven?"

"You are right to put confidence in friends, my lad," Mr. Hall said—"and above all in our best friend, our Creator. Still He has placed us here to act for ourselves, and it will not do to depend too much on proffered kindness. There's many a man been ruined by sitting still for his friends to help him. But I know you will look out for yourself as long as you can, and I do not fear but you will succeed. "There's no such word as fail"—that's an excellent motto, and you'll find one in Proverbs better still—"*In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He will direct thy paths.*" It will last you through the journey of life, that is, if your "ways" are right and just. Make it a

first principle, never to do any thing that you know to be wrong, even in the greatest strait of doubt and darkness. That will be acknowledging Him, who is justice itself."

"Are you going to Philadelphia, sir?" asked Eddy, who was restless enough whenever he did not exactly understand what Mr. Hall was saying, and whose questions sometimes came rather *mal apropos.*

No, I'm only going as far as Reading to-night. I wish for your sakes I was going home. I should like to see you well started in the right direction; but let me see how I can manage it for you."

He sat as if thinking a moment, and then taking out a pencil, he wrote something on the back of a letter, and gave it to Robert. "If you can make out that direction to-morrow, you'll find some more friends in Locust-street; and mind you tell them that I said so. And I would advise you after this to take a second-class car; you can travel cheaper, and you must begin to learn *economy*, as well as honesty and industry. With the three, any man, by God's blessing, will succeed in the world."

Robert placed the slip of paper in his bundle

without looking at it, and felt as if he could never be grateful enough to Mr. Hall. Indeed, he told him so—but Mr. Hall did not seem to wish any thanks, but began to amuse Eddy with stories of his travels. He had been in England, and France, and Russia, even, and had seen many wonderful things. The boys were both so deeply interested, that it did not seem a quarter of an hour before they reached Reading. Here their pleasant companion left them with a hearty shake of the hand; —but he came back to the car window, and said to Eddy, as if it had been the greatest secret in the world—

"*Be good—and you'll be happy.*"

CHAPTER VII.

A NEW LESSON.

The boys had been so interested in Mr. Hall's conversation, that they had not noticed any other of the passengers; but the train had scarcely moved on again before the man who had been lounging on the hotel steps came in behind the conductor, slamming the door, and sat down very near them. Robert did not like his appearance at all. He was dressed in a short sack coat with immense buttons, his hat was set very much on one side, and he had a showy gold chain displayed over his satin vest with seals, and a huge key. There was a strong odor of cigar smoke about him, and he talked in a loud important voice to the man next him, about "Reading stock" and "Pottsville coal." You would have thought he owned a whole mine at least.

But he did not seem to notice the boys at all, and presently Robert began to make calculations

about their means, and how to make the most of what was remaining. He took out the purse, and found that though ten dollars had seemed a fortune at first, it melted away very rapidly. There was a dollar and a half for each of them from New-York, two dollars to Pottsville—just half of their little fund—and though he did not know the exact distance to Pittsburgh, he had an idea that it was much further than they had already travelled. A quarter of a dollar in change would buy them two more meals, but altogether the prospect was not very cheering. "However," thought Robert, "we will go as far as it will take us, and we have got feet and will walk the rest of the way," he added aloud, "can't we, Eddy?" As he looked up he saw the man with the jaunty hat, who had now finished his conversation, staring very closely at them; and though he turned his head away directly, he soon came over and took Mr. Hall's vacant seat.

"Do you know who that was you were talking with just now?" said he, curiously.

"Mr. Hall," was Eddy's prompt reply. "And where did you get acquainted with him? Ain't a relation, is he?"

"No, but he's a friend," Robert answered, firmly. Yet for all that, he could not help wishing the man would take his eyes from his face. His bold, searching stare, made him very uncomfortable.

"Well, I'll tell you more than that. He owns half of Pottsville, and sends more coal to Philadelphia every year, than any one about. He could give you a hundred dollars right out and never feel it: S'pose he *did* remember you in parting, didn't he? Something pretty handsome! eh?"

Robert hardly knew what to answer. It seemed very rude and impertinent to question them, but perhaps it was not intended so.

"An eagle perhaps," said the man again, eyeing Robert's bundle, "or perhaps a couple of them."

"He didn't give Robby any thing but a little piece of paper," Eddy answered.

"Oh, an order then, or perhaps a check. S'pose you show it to me."

"I haven't looked at it myself," Robert said stoutly.

"Oh, come now, don't be so uppish; I thought

you were fond of talking to strangers. Ain't you afraid of the cholera?" he took a new theme, as if to make Robert forget his question. "It's getting dreadful bad in Philadelphia. Twenty new cases yesterday. Most every body's going out of town."

They had scarcely thought of fear, when in actual danger; but though Robert felt that the stranger was only trying to make them uncomfortable, he wished there had been nothing said about the cholera.

"And out West—oh, my! they're dying by hundreds! Whole boat-loads of people go off, on the rivers, captain, crews and all. In New Orleans they dig great ditches, and shovel the people into them, anyhow, some not dead yet. It's as much as a body's life's worth to pass through one of them Western or Southern towns, Pittsburgh especially. *I* shouldn't like to risk it."

Robert wondered if he had heard them tell Mr. Hall their destination. He surely could not be so cruel as to talk so if he had.

"Now, if you're travelling alone," continued his persecutor, "I'd advise you to look pretty sharp after the dollars and cents. 'Tain't every man that puts his hands in his pocket as easy as

Mr. Hall, and shovels out the gold pieces. How much was it you said he gave you?" he asked abruptly, as if he had forgotten something he had been told.

"Not any thing! we told you before," Robert answered, almost angrily. He was sure now that their new acquaintance was very impertinent.

"Oh yes,—only that order you take such good care of. I remember you didn't think 'twas worth while to show it to me. Stowed away safe in that bundle I suppose," and he glanced towards it, lying upon the seat beside him.

"Don't talk to him, Robby," whispered Eddy, whose quick instincts attracted or repelled him towards every one they met.

"Well, younkers—you don't seem in the least bit sociable—so I guess I'll take a nap," and suiting the action to the word, he laid his head back upon the seat, and covered his face with his pocket handkerchief. Eddy, too, seemed tired, and laid his head down upon Robert's shoulder. The light grew misty, as evening came on, and thus they swiftly approached the city.

"Wake up, Eddy," Robert said, as the lights began to stretch forward in continuous lines. A

moment more and they were shooting under the high walls of the depot. It was quite dark, and the passengers began to rise, and grope about for their umbrellas, canes, and carpet-bags, and before the motion of the cars had ceased, the passage-way between the seats was choked with an eager crowd, all striving to be first. Still Eddy was decidedly sleepy, and by the time Robert had succeeded in fairly rousing him—they were almost alone. The depot lamps lighted up the interior, but when they came to look for the bundle it was gone!

Robert could not believe it at first. He searched under the seat, and for several seats back of them; he even lifted up the cushions, although it was impossible for any thing so bulky to be beneath them. It was all in vain. There was a pair of overshoes, a lady had forgotten,—a brown paper book, a young gentleman had finished reading, and did not consider worth carrying off. Otherwise the cars were empty.

And now the patter of feet, upon the platform ceased. The voices of the cabmen died in the distance—and a workman passing through with a lantern warned them that the depot would soon be

closed for the night. Robert, almost frantic with the loss, for small as it was their all was included, appealed to him to help them. Still no trace could be discovered. It was just as well they gave up the search. The precious bundle was safely under the loose sack coat of their late neighbor, who had borne it off—aided by the darkness and confusion of their arrival. He was nothing less than a professed pick-pocket and gambler, who had met with a run of ill luck at both professions while in the country, and in his present poverty no theft was too mean or trifling for his notice. He did not count so much upon the money which he knew the bundle contained, as upon the draft, which, from snatches of their conversation he had overheard, and being well aware of that gentleman's wealth and generosity, he supposed had been given them.

What was his disappointment on arriving at his lodgings, to find only the back of a letter with these words:

"My dear children—

"These boys will tell their own story. Act as your hearts dictate. At any rate I shall expect you to see them safely embarked for Pittsburgh."

The note was torn into shreds, and thrown from the window; the five dollar bill placed in his purse, and the clothes turned, with a "pshaw!" into an empty closet. No wonder that the bundle could not be found!

Imagine, if you can, the fright and bitter disappointment with which the search was at last abandoned. No one in the depot took any notice of them; and as they entered the street they were homeless, penniless, and aimless. If they had had the direction Mr. Hall gave them they might have had some hope. As it was, Robert could not even remember the name of the street; and if he had done so, it would have been scarcely possible to find it at this late hour.

It was a hot, moonless, summer night. The air seemed close and stifling, coming as they did from the open mountain country. There was a low growl of thunder afar off—and lurid flashes of lightning gleamed from the ragged clouds. No home in all that wide city to shield them from the coming storm! On and on they wandered, sometimes travelling through narrow, obstructed streets, and then stopping to rest on the steps of some large mansion deserted by its owners for the sum-

mer months. Room there, and to spare—spacious halls—comfortable apartments—luxurious beds, and yet our poor little wanderers were shelterless.

It was almost midnight, and still the elder boy had not dared to beg—such petitions were foreign to his lips. They had reached a broad street, silent except from the red gleams of light thrown from the many-colored lanterns of some low tavern or eating-house, and the noisy brawls of those who frequented them. Eddy's wearied limbs were failing beneath him, and he complained that his head had ached all the afternoon. How many mothers that night were watching the sleep of their beloved children, comfortably housed and tenderly cared for! and in a distant city Robert Lewis was dreaming a waking dream of a happy and speedy reunion with the wife and little ones, for whom he toiled, and saved every farthing of his wages. Yet they were alone in their need—no, not alone, for "not one sparrow falls to the ground"—

"Don't give up, Eddy! that's a good boy. Keep fast hold of my hand and I shall think of something soon," Robert said, cheerily; though

had he been alone he would have given up himself long before. So it is, that having to act for others, we are oftentimes ourselves supported.

"See what a great curious shed that is down the middle of the street, and lights all through it. What do you suppose it can be?"

"I don't know," the child answered, fretfully. "Oh, brother, my head is so bad—and my shoes hurt my feet every step I take."

"Why I think it must be the market," Robert went on, for he was trying to divert Eddy's mind from his troubles. "Yes, it certainly is the market, and all empty. And there are benches all along, and a roof overhead. Dear me! what a nice place it will be to sleep! I never thought of the market before. A great deal better than cold stone steps, or begging, isn't it? Just see! Come in, Eddy, it's beginning to rain, and here is a bench all boarded up, so it won't touch us."

The rain was indeed commencing, and Eddy was only too glad to accept even the semblance of a shelter. The benches, as Robert called them, were the stalls, which were now empty, and stood like a row of long wide tables against the side of the market-house.

"We can play it's a steamboat—can't we, Eddy? And this is a cabin, and there are berths all along. O, it's funny to have a cabin all to ourselves!"

So talking still encouragingly and cheerfully—though every time he thought of the bundle, his heart sunk like lead—the unselfish boy made the best pillow he could for his little brother, from his own jacket, which he folded up carefully, to be as soft as possible. "We have a famous bed-room to-night, so go to sleep, and your head will be better, and perhaps to-morrow"—

"Yes, perhaps to-morrow will bring some hope," he would have said, but Eddy's deep breathings soon told that he had forgotten even his illness in sleep. Robert was awake much longer, for he had not even a jacket between his head and the rough planks. Besides, the storm had come in all its fury, and the rain poured in sheets upon the roof above them, dashing in, with cold wet showers, upon the brick pavement at every opening. Then, too, anxious thought would not let him rest, for he was in a strange city with not a friend to whom he could go even for advice, or a penny for to-morrow's food. But at last there slid into

his mind, just as his thoughts grew mingled and indistinct, his mother's favorite text: "*Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee*"—and then he dreamed that he was standing by that dear mother, as he often had done while she sat at work. Her Bible was lying upon the window-sill, and from it he read the text he had just recalled. But when he stooped to receive his mother's kiss, she faded before him, and left him standing with outstretched arms.

CHAPTER VIII.

NEW FRIENDS.

"SOME little vagabonds that ought to be taken to the station house!" he heard a gruff voice say; while a rude shake roused him from sleep.

He started, and sat upright in an instant, with his arm instinctively stretched over Eddy, to save him from such a harsh awakening. It was early morning—the faint gray light just breaking through the east. The storm had all passed by, and there was the promise of a lovely day. A countryman, with a huge basket of early potatoes, and cabbages piled up to an immense height upon his arm, was standing near the stall, and evidently out of humor, at having been prevented depositing his load upon it.

"It's enough to make a mother's heart ache," a woman's voice answered, "to see such young children going to ruin in this way. They'd be better off in the Penitentiary, Mister Allen."

"Come," said the individual thus addressed, "I can't stand here all day with my arm breaking, to suit their convenience," and with the disengaged hand he would very speedily have helped Robert to the ground, if he had not sprung to the side of the market-woman, and said, in a tone of entreaty—

"I'll wake Eddy, sir; don't be cross to him, please; he was sick last night and tired—and we did not mean to get in your way."

"Roll the cabbages under the stall, Mister Allen," the market-woman said, "and set the potatoes down here. Hurry up them tomatoses, too, for people will be on the ground early this morning." Then, as the man obeyed her orders, she listened to Robert's explanation of their loss and destitution, and waited with exemplary patience, considering that the market now began to be thronged with other hucksters, until Eddy was roused. Poor little Eddy was really ill. He could scarcely stand, even leaning upon Robert, for his head grew dizzy, and he could not recollect where they were, or what had befallen them.

"I believe he's hungry," said she, compassionately. "Here, Uncle John, just hand two saucers

of good hot oysters, out of that tin of yours, and a couple of crackers—" and then seating Eddy on a camp stool, that had been bought for her own convenience, she placed the savory soup before the hungry children. The very model of a Philadelphia market-woman was Mrs. McGonegal; large, even, plump, from shoulder to waist, with a round, smiling, honest face you would have trusted any where, but nevertheless keen hazel eyes, that were rarely themselves deceived. She had not thought of doubting Robert's simple story, for an honest heart is a kind of touchstone to detect any thing like deceit; and while she bustled about, arranging her vegetables to attract the eyes of early customers, she found time to pity the "poor little orphans," as she insisted on calling them to "Uncle John," the coffee and oyster man, who served breakfast to these early risers.

"Poor little fellows! their mother died of the cholera! We haint had a bit of it in our neighborhood so far. That's because we all keep so sweet and clean up in Kinsington, I tell Nancy. Why didn't you eat your oysters, my little man? Aint you got any appetite this cool morning? That was a blessed shower last night—cooled off

the heat considerable. Yesterday was dreadful weather for the cholera. Haint seen the Ledger yet I s'pose, to know how many deaths there was. Aint them splendid mercers, Miss Logan? you can't raise such out of Jersey, I'll be bound. See them two little fellows here. Somebody stole every cent they had, and all their clothes! What dreadful mean people there is in this world—what'll you charge for blueberries this morning?"

But in spite of Mrs. McGonegal's kindness, and the tempting odor of the oyster stew, even though oysters were out of season everywhere but in market, Eddy could not eat. His limbs were weak, and he laid his head down upon a corner of the stall, while Robert sat in silent dismay at this new calamity.

"Bless me! how hot this child's hands are?" Mrs. McGonegal exclaimed, as she came up, in her motherly way, to see if he had any fever. And while Robert was thinking that, after all, the almshouse was their only refuge, she had settled it all in her quick bustling way, waiting on her best customers all the while.

"Just try to keep him comfortable until my Nancy comes. She was tying up the flowers, and

won't be here before six. She'll take you home, both of you. It's only a cold, so don't fret about him, my little man, and he'll be about as well as ever by to-morrow. Glad to see you this morning, Mr. Andrews. Here's your tomatoses, all ready, and string beans, and dewberries; you see I know what you generally call for. Look out there, young man! don't be knocking that child with your big basket. No, there aint any bokays yet, Miss; my Nancy will bring 'em all fresh—here she comes now. That size is a levy, and them, a quarter. Aint these pinks sweet?"

Nancy proved to be as good-tempered and kind-hearted as her excellent mother. She willingly promised to take the boys home, and get a doctor for Eddy. Mrs. McGonegal's charity was simple and uncalculating. She only knew that the child was sick and had no one to take care of him, and her motherly heart yearned over them both. So she found time to pack them all off in an omnibus, for she had walked a long way herself that morning, and then returned to her bargains and her customers as briskly as ever; setting forth the merits of her turnips, squashes, and "tomatoses," as briskly as if she had not just done

a good deed, which to many would have been the cause of a week's self-congratulation.

We often hear the expression—"What *should* I have done if it had not been for this or that?" There are often straits in the journey of life that seem impassable, but before despair can quite overcome us, some way of escape is made to those who have a humble and childlike trust in Providence. The very necessity that compelled our weary little travellers to seek shelter in the empty market-house, brought them one of their kindest friends, and taught Robert how simple and unostentatious true benevolence can be.

Eddy was really very ill. Mrs. McGonegal found him in a raging fever when she returned from her daily duties, and their own mother could not have nursed him more tenderly, than she did; rocking him to sleep as if he had been an infant in her capacious arms, and smoothing back his tangled curls, as gently as if her hand had not been used to toil. But for her, Robert too would have sunk under this new anxiety. While the fever was at its height he never left the bedside, but sat for hours holding the hot hand of the moaning little sufferer, and saying, "Oh don't, Eddy—

please don't," when his delirium grew violent, and he tried to spring from the bed. But most sorrowful of all were the low mournful cries of "Oh mother, mother!"—"where are you, mother, mother, *mother!*"—which he would repeat again and again, while the tears streamed down Robert's face, do all he could to prevent it. He was sure Eddy was going to die, and tortured himself, as his imaginative mind would naturally do, with thoughts of his father's sorrow when he came to know that two of his dear ones were gone, and his own loneliness if the grave should cover this darling child, for whom the past week had given him almost a parent's care and tenderness.

But the fever abated, and though weak and thin, Eddy came to know Robert once more, and to love good Mrs. McGonegal and Nancy, although he did not know who they were, for their kindness to him. Oh, how happy these days of convalescence were in spite of the uncertainty still before them! Childlike, Eddy thought only of the present hour, and Robert was full of hope, for a neighbor had dispatched a letter to Robert Lewis, Pittsburgh, almost the first day they had come under her roof, dictated by their kind hostess, to tell him that his

children were safe under her care, and no doubt he would send for them.

Mrs. McGonegal had well said they were too neat to dread the cholera. Her tiny house, with but two rooms on the floor, and one above, were as neat as Nancy could make them. The kitchen tins shone like silver, and the rag carpet, Nancy's work too, was free from even a shred of lint, when the morning's "cleaning up" was accomplished. The little parlor had only been used on state occasions, but now a cot-bed for Eddy was placed there, a great sacrifice on the part of their hostess, who had heretofore only opened it for a tea-drinking, or a neighborly visit on Sunday afternoon. Eddy thought the curious shell ornaments on the mantelpiece, brought from over the sea by Nancy's brother, who was now gone on a long voyage, the most beautiful things he had ever beheld, and he was never weary of looking at the gayly-colored prints upon the wall, particularly the "Sailor's Adieu"—where a very spruce sailor boy in a shining tarpaulin hat, with whole yards of black ribbon, was pressing the hand of a slender young lady in a remarkably bright red dress, with a black silk apron, and green neck-ribbon. Eddy sup-

posed it to be a veritable portrait of Mrs. McGonegal's absent son, but thought the young lady was not much like Nancy.

But the best of all, was when he was well enough to be brought into the kitchen, and placed by the open door, in the old patchwork covered chair, that had been Nancy's grandmother's. The garden was the pride of Mrs. McGonegal's establishment. It was curious to see such a bright spot of green in the crowded neighborhood; but there are many such in the thriving district in which it is located. Every inch of mould had been made the most of, and the trellis over the door was covered with luxuriant honeysuckles, still in blossom, late as was the season. Climbing rose-trees threw a shade over the narrow grass-plat, and trim garden beds filled up the rest of the small area, with clumps of late blooming flowers, from which Nancy's "bokays" were made. Every morning it was her pleasant task to tie the fragrant buds and blossoms which were sold at her mother's stall, making no inconsiderable addition to their small revenue. This garden was a new and ever increasing delight to Eddy. They had never owned even the smallest patch of ground to

cultivate, and their mother's box of mignonette was almost the only flower they had ever seen. To lie in this comfortable arm-chair, with the sunshine tempered by the waving foliage, and watching the shadows flicker over the grass, or the bright-winged insects that were attracted by the fragrance of the flowers, while Nancy sat busily sewing beside him, was the greatest happiness Eddy had ever known. He was contented to have Robert away for hours, and sometimes he would tell him what beautiful dreams had come to his mind in these half-sleeping, half-waking moods.

As soon as Eddy was well enough to leave, Robert had commenced making himself useful to his entertainer. Every morning he was up long before the sun, and carried her baskets to market, trudging square after square without fatigue, and through the busy morning hours he watched the stall, and filled the peck measures with potatoes and beans, and even took change from customers when Mrs. McGonegal was very busy. The market-woman was delighted with her protege's industry and cleverness. So much so, that she began to wonder what she should ever do without him, or Eddy either, as to that matter, when his father wrote to claim them.

But nothing was heard from Pittsburgh. One day after another slipped by. August had come, and still Mrs. McGonegal intercepted the letter-carrier, or spelled over the advertised list of the Ledger, in vain. Robert began to return to his first anxious thoughts, for Eddy was getting well enough to travel, and kind as Mrs. McGonegal was she could not take care of them always. He had overheard a neighbor advise her to "ship those young boys as soon as possible, for they would be eating her out of house and home." True, the good woman answered stoutly, that "her money was her own, and she had a right to do what she pleased with it, besides the oldest one was paying his way now." But he knew she could do without his services, and the neighbor, though rough, was reasonable.

He was standing in the market in a very disconsolate mood one morning thinking of all these things, and trying to turn over some plan for earning enough money to forward him on his journey. Crowds were hurrying past him, each one intent on his or her errand, and caring very little for the knocks or pushes they gave others in accomplishing it. There were women with

butter-kettles, and negro servants with their well-filled baskets. Now a little girl tasting butter as if she had marketed all her life, short as it was, or a shrewd housekeeper, bargaining for early peaches, that were blushing with their downy cheeks against the fresh, green leaves. The butcher next them was cutting away unmercifully at some beef, thinning off steak after steak, fresh and juicy enough to have tempted even a Grahamite, or stopping to wipe his hands upon his snow-white apron before he received change from the pretty servant girl, his last purchaser.

A gentleman stopped at Mrs. McGonegal's stall just then, an old customer it would seem, for she dropped many courtesies, while she measured the fruit he had purchased into a nice willow-basket, which he carried himself. A bright half-eagle was tendered in payment for it, and Robert thought—"with two of these, and people waste them so here, or think nothing about them, I could get to my father."

"So the berries are all gone," said the gentleman, as he received the change, with another of Mrs. McGonegal's best courtesies. "My good lady will be quite disappointed, for she intended to preserve them, I know."

Robert started. The voice was very familiar, one whose kindly accents he had often recalled, and the figure could be none other. It was indeed Mr. Hall, the friend he had so often thought of, and sought for, wandering through many streets, in the hope of seeing his name upon the door-plate, or perhaps being so fortunate as to meet him.

Mr. Hall was as much astonished as Robert, and looked almost as well pleased.

"Well, well," said he, "what's all this? Why I expected you were in Pittsburgh long ago, my little captain. And where's that bright little brother of yours, and how do you happen to be under Mrs. McGonegal's charge? Why we're old friends, Mrs. McGonegal and myself! Though we don't see so much of each other lately since I've moved up town."

Mrs. McGonegal was delighted to find that "the kind Pottsville gentleman" she had heard so much about was her favorite customer. She took upon herself to relate the mishap which had befallen them, and moreover expatiated on Robert's "handiness" and honesty. As for Eddy—"he was the dearest, sweetest little fellow, and Nancy was so

fond of him, he was so much company for her, and just what her Samuel was at his age."

"But I suppose you have not given up your intention of finding your father?" Mr. Hall inquired, as the good woman was called away.

"No indeed, sir, but no letter comes from father, and I'm afraid Mrs. McGonegal don't know how to direct right. And we have no money. She's very good, and Nancy too. Nancy made this jacket herself, for all our clothes were in the bundle; but I shouldn't like to ask her to lend me ten dollars when I wasn't *certain* you know, Mr. Hall, that I could pay her back again."

There was a very disconsolate tone in Robert's voice, for he had thought every point of the case over and over again. Mr. Hall looked at his basket and said—"Do you think you could carry a good sized cantelope from this to Broad-street? and Eddy, is he well enough to take a long walk?"

"O yes, sir," Robert answered eagerly to both questions.

"Well then, Spruce-street is just beyond Walnut, and you have to pass Broad before you come to

my house. Mrs. McGonegal—one moment if you please,—will you send this little fellow with a good cantelope to me, about this time to-morrow, or two of them if they are not very large? My good lady is very particular about cantelopes." And away walked Mr. Hall, bidding Robert to be sure not to lose himself, or the cantelopes either.

Mrs. McGonegal seemed to expect a great deal from this visit. She told the boys they must be sure and behave themselves, at least six times over before they started, and turned Eddy round by the shoulders to be sure Nancy had made him tidy, calling in Mrs. Logan the while, to see how she had brought him up again.

"You see, *Miss* Logan," she said confidentially after they had departed, "that Robert's pining himself to death, for all he seems so handy and cheerful, about seeing his father, which is only natural considering they're orphans." The good lady seemed to think fathers went for nothing, in the way of taking care of children. "To be sure I'm willin' to keep 'em and do by 'em as if they were my own, and Nancy don't grumble a bit about extra work. But the oldest one would never be

contented, and I'd give him the money out and out to go with, only this has been such a miserable season for people in our line. So long as this cholera lasts, we can't do much in the way of vegetables, that's certain. So ready money's pretty scarce with Nancy and me, till my Samuel comes home. That's the reason I'm so particular about their behaving at Mr. Hall's, for he's a gentleman every bit. We market-women can pretty soon tell who's mean and who's not. You never catch him beating down."

There was very little difficulty in finding Mr. Hall's, for the name was on the door-plate, only you had to go up the high marble steps to read it. Mr. Hall himself, with the morning paper in his hands, was just going into the parlor, and came forward as he saw the cantelopes, to welcome them. Eddy had now quite recovered, though looking more delicate than when their friend had first met them. Nancy's blue check pinafore, made from an old market-apron of her mother's, was neatly tied, and altogether Mr. Hall was by no means ashamed of his proteges as he ushered them into a room where a pleasant family circle was assembled.

There was "the good lady," as he always called Mrs. Hall, with the sunniest smile in her large brown eyes, seated upon a lounge with a well-filled work basket beside her. A little lame boy borrowed a pair of scissors from it, and was busily employed in cutting clothes for the paper dolls his sister, older than himself, was manufacturing. The mother of the children, who was Mr. Hall's oldest daughter, was by the window, and two other young ladies completed the group.

The little boy quitted his paper-cutting the instant his grandfather entered, and sprung up with the air of a privileged favorite to meet him. He was almost as old as Robert, but illness had made him more delicate in face and figure. For all that his smile was sunshine itself, lighting the whole face with cheerful intelligence.

"Are these the little boys, grandpa?" he said, looking at them curiously, but not rudely, and then he offered to take Eddy's hat and put it on the table.

The new comers at first clung close to Mr. Hall, abashed at seeing so many strangers all looking towards them. But Mrs. Hall was as kind as her husband, and one of the young ladies,

"Aunt Addy" the children called her, brought a bunch of fruit and cake to rest them after their long walk. So they soon lost their painful timidity and answered the ladies, for they had many questions to ask, about their journey and Mrs. McGonegal, as politely as if they had received every advantage of wealth and education. After all, wealth has very little to do with good manners, in itself considered. The poorest child can readily follow the only true rule which we know for good behavior:

> "Politeness is to do and say
> The kindest thing, in the kindest way."

Judged by this, many who are "rich and increased with goods" will come far below the very servants they employ.

So Eddy began to look round him, and admire the tall mirrors, and the open piano. He wondered what the piano was for, until Miss Clarice, seeing his eyes wander towards it, asked him if he liked music, and called her little niece to play for them, which she did very sweetly; Robert thinking he should never be tired of listening. Mr. Hall enjoyed the whole scene. He was

pleased to see his grandchildren behave so properly, and to find that his wife quite agreed with him in thinking Robert and Eddy worthy of the notice and thought he had bestowed upon them. While his sister was playing, Harry had climbed upon his grandfather's knee, and asked him why he did not send the little boys to their father.

"But it will take money," Mr Hall said, "and I have to spend a great deal to keep such a comfortable home for you to come and pay me visits."

"But grandfather, if I had the money I would give it to them. If papa was only here I'd have it soon enough." The child seemed half angry and mortified, that Mr. Hall did not immediately furnish them all that was necessary.

"Stop a minute, Harry."

"Well, papa likes to have us generous, Mary and me. We could have it in a minute, I know."

"And I like to have you generous, too, my child, but not on money belonging to other people."

"If papa gave it to *me*, it would be *mine*, grandfather."

"Yes, if he gave it to you to buy a new coat for instance, and you choose to go without the

coat, and give the boys the money, that now would be true generosity."

"Oh, I'd do that, I'm sure, I have plenty of coats."

"But something that you liked better than a coat. Now, for instance, your grandmother and myself always make you a present when you come to visit us. We were out this morning and saw just such a paint-box as I heard you say you would like. There was every sort of drawing-material in one division—the most complete thing of the kind I have seen in a long time, and it was marked twelve dollars."

Harry's eyes sparkled at the description. It was just what he had wanted for a long time, for he already drew and painted quite nicely.

"Suppose I were to give you the twelve dollars instead, what would you do with it?"

It was a hard point to decide. Mr. Hall saw his smiles disappear, as if he were considering the matter very deeply; and, to give him time, called Mary, who had just risen from the piano.

"How much was the Cornelian bracelet you saw at Bailey's yesterday, my little lady?" he said, looking round to see that the boys were

occupied. But they were talking with Miss Clarice about some pictures she had brought to show them. Harry's mother came over and sat down on the lounge near her father. She was evidently very much interested in the discussion.

"Only eight dollars, grandpapa! And it was so lovely, just what Annie Spicer used to wear last winter at dancing school; and I wanted mamma to buy it for me, but she said my coral one must do till my next birthday." She put her little white hands on "grandfather's" shoulder, as if she had a half suspicion that he was going to be very indulgent and present it to her.

But he seemed to forget about the bracelet, for he said suddenly: "Don't you pity those poor little fellows, Mary?"

"Yes, indeed, only I was afraid at first because their mother died of the cholera, and that's so dreadful. But I remember it was ever so many weeks ago."

"Harry wishes I would give them money enough to go to their father, but I tell him I am not made of money. If I have to give little people Cornelian bracelets and paint-boxes ——"

"Oh, are you? Will you, grandpapa?" and

a vision of Annie Spicer's Cornelian bracelets, contrasted with the lovely one at Bailey's, with its wrought golden clasp, was certainly very enchanting.

"I will let you have your choice, and Harry too. Now there is a half-eagle, and three little bright gold dollars,—here are twelve for you, Harry. You can go out with Janette and purchase your presents, or you can give the money to the poor children you pity so much."

"Would you, mother?" Harry said, his small hand almost running over with the bright half dollars his grandfather had piled into it.

"Choose for yourself, my dear," she answered, smiling a little, yet, nevertheless, anxious to see how they would decide.

It was curious to watch the struggle. The children, one on each side of Mr. Hall, looked up into each other's faces, to their mother, and then down upon the tempting coin. Harry's quick, generous nature was the first to yield. He slid across the room without saying a word to any one, and holding up Eddy's pinafore, poured the whole shower into it, and turning to the others ejaculated, "There!" And then Mary, with something

more of reluctance—for the bracelet had long been coveted—yet nevertheless honestly, added her offering.

You can imagine the surprise and gratitude of Robert, who had been too much absorbed in the wonderful pictures of London to notice any thing that was passing. And this time there was an actual dewiness in Mr. Hall's blue eyes, as he kissed his grandchildren again and again. He was so pleased at their decision, and at the happiness which sparkled in the eyes of the wanderers, when they came really to comprehend their good fortune.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DEPARTURE.

It was hard to say whether good Mrs. McGonegal felt more pain than pleasure, when she found that her schemes were realized, and she was going to lose her little guests. First she counted over the money, to be sure there was enough to take them to their journey's end. Then she would place Eddy upon her knee, and wish he was her own boy, while she rocked him to and fro. Or he would be as suddenly set down again, for she had just remembered that she must take them to a ready-made clothing store the very next morning, and get them at least a suit apiece, and Nancy was desired to cut up another apron and make two more pinafores at least, for there would be no one to do their washing for them.

"Clear to Pittsburgh, all alone! Poor little fellows! Nancy, if they only had some one to see to 'em. But somehow I'd trust Robert a good

ways, and he knows considerable more than he did when he started, that's a fact. Why since he's been in market with me he's as good as a "ready reckoner," and you ought to see him make change for a five dollar bill. He'll be a rich man yet, mark my words—and then you must come and live in Philadelphy, and market with your poor old aunty McGonegal. Won't you, Eddy? Oh, dear, I'm all in such a fluster, to think Mr. Hall should have done just what I knew he would! But I can't bear to talk about their going. I've got kind of used to them somehow."

The purchases were made next morning, and a discarded satchel of little Harry's made quite a nice carpet-bag, which was not so easily lost as a bundle; and could be carried by a strap across the shoulders. Besides, warned by experience, Nancy manufactured a kind of money-belt for Robert to wear around his waste beneath his jacket, which was more secure than any purse could have been.

The day came for their departure. Robert, longing for it, yet dreading the parting with his kind friends, and shrinking a little from once more venturing out upon the world, had scarcely closed his eyes during the night.

As it was not a regular market-day, Mrs. McGonegal intrusted the care of her stall to her friend and neighbor Mrs. Logan, and made breakfast for them herself. It was a perfect feast in its way, that breakfast—every thing that the boys liked best had been gathered together. But Robert could not touch the toast or the omelette, though he tried very hard to do so, and he set down a heaping saucer of peaches and cream before it was half finished. Mrs. McGonegal kept urging them to eat, but somehow she did not appear to have much of an appetite herself, and Nancy cried outright, as she brushed Eddy's curls for the last time, and brought his little straw hat.

Eddy, by the way, was the only one who did not feel the parting deeply. He loved Nancy and her mother, and was sorry to leave the garden. But he liked change of all things, restless little Eddy, and besides he had taken a fancy during his illness, that he would certainly see his mother again when they had once found his father.

I don't know how Nancy and her mother could ever have borne the final leave-taking, had not the

postman called just as they were starting for the cars, with a ship letter, they instantly recognized as coming from "Samwil," with the good news of a fortunate voyage and his speedy return.

"Oh dear, misfortunes never come single!" Mrs. McGonegal exclaimed, for she had a great liking for proverbs, and had confounded "events" with "misfortunes."

So Nancy put the precious letter in her pocket, and off they all started for the Harrisburg cars, where Mr. Hall was to meet them. Mrs. McGonegal, more in a flutter than ever, and wearing a bright red shawl "Samwil" had brought from China, led Eddy by the hand, and Robert carried their wardrobe carefully packed in the neat leather satchel. He seemed to have grown older and taller in the past six weeks, and there was a resolute air about him, that had taken the place of timidity, though it was equally far from unpleasant boldness.

So thought Mr. Hall, as he helped Harry and Mary, and their mamma, from a carriage, and joined the little group on the platform of the depot. The children had come to be rewarded for their generous self-denial, by seeing the happiness they

had conferred; and Harry pointedly told his sister "he could do very well with the *old* paint-box, and thought this was better than a dozen trumpery bracelets!" Mary did not agree with his estimates of bracelets generally, but she was certainly glad that they decided as they did.

"I wish I was going to take a great long journey," Harry said, thinking himself bound to be polite, and agreeable to the young travellers. "I intend to travel a great deal when I am a man, and go to France where papa has been, and perhaps to the north pole, like Sir John Franklin. Don't you think it must be *splendid* there, with those great, large, monstrous icebergs! and a fur cap all over your face but your nose and eyes! wouldn't I look queer?"

He was a merry little fellow, and laughed heartily at the picture he drew of such an unusual costume. Robert had never heard of Sir John Franklin, or Lady Jane, or the northwest passage either; and when Harry explained it to him—for he had read a great deal about it with his father—he could not be made to understand the use of it, after it was found. Wherein he was very much like older people we could mention. There was

still plenty of time, for Mrs. McGonegal always liked to be in season, and Mr. Hall had a favorite maxim, "punctuality is the soul of business." It was by attending to this, as well as the rules he had before given Robert, that he had won his present position of wealth and usefulness; for he was one of those by no means rare examples in American life of "self-made men."

Then Mary remembered a package from aunt Addy, of some luncheon, which was left in the carriage; and away she ran to bring it. Aunt Addy was very proud of her talent for cake-making, as well she might be, and Miss Clarice had added a book for Robert's amusement in the canal-boat. She had taken the same journey herself, and knew from experience how dull canal travelling might prove. You would have thought some tenderly-loved child was about to leave home for the first time, had you watched that little group, after the cars began to move off slowly, leaving them still upon the platform.

Robert and Eddy looked back as long as they could distinguish any thing, and saw Nancy very grave, Mrs. McGonegal, with her clean white apron up to her eyes, and the children waving their

handkerchiefs in the most approved method. Then Robert noticed Mr. Hall go back and say something to the good woman who had been most like a mother to them in their need. He knew it was something kind, for she smiled and courtesied. The children's mamma kissed her hand, there was one more wave of Harry's handkerchief—and they were out of sight.

CHAPTER X.

NEW TRIALS.

It would extend our little story into two large volumes, were we to linger minutely upon the circumstances of the journey to Pittsburgh. It was as pleasant as could have been expected, from the kindness of the friends who had arranged it for them, and there was no more unfortunate mistakes, for Mr. Hall had taken care to teach Robert the name of every town they were to stop at where a change was to be made, and the fare of every boat and car on the route. Robert had once read a story called "Eyes and No Eyes"—and he made the best possible use of his, I can assure you, noting a great many curious and wonderful things, that boys who travelled with the care of a father or tutor never would have noticed. Eddy's bright face, and invariable good temper, made him the favorite with all who inquired their history, though they wondered at the strength of purpose, and the

resolution that had induced Robert ever to think of such a scheme, or to carry it on through the many difficulties and discouragements they had met.

The part of the journey Robert liked least of all, was canal travelling. The boat crept on so slowly—more slowly than ever, it seemed, as they neared Pittsburgh, the goal of all their hopes. The low narrow cabin was crowded with emigrants, many of whom had just arrived in this country, but had already found, that it was not what their vivid imaginations had pictured it—a land where gold was to be had for the asking, and houses like palaces only awaited their acceptance. Irish and German were huddled together with their children, and "bits of baggage;" some homesick for the "fader land;" and others, remembering the want and privation from which they had escaped, were determined to have comfort at least for their wives and little ones. More than one sickened beneath the hot sun, and the fatigues of so long a journey, but almost by a miracle they were spared the fatal panic of the cholera, which swept off so many who reached the land of promise but to die.

This was partly owing to the good sense of the captain, a rough but honest-hearted "fresh-water-sailor"—who would not permit any vegetables, but potatoes that he knew were sound, to be used among them, and prohibited any thing like fruit. The captain was Eddy's especial friend. The child seemed to find a peculiar charm in the black, coarse beard, that half covered his sunburnt face, and music in the rough tones in which he issued his commands. Many a nice walk by the margin of the canal was managed for them by the captain, and sometimes the driver mounted the fearless little fellow on the back of the patient, plodding horse, that toiled on in sun and shade, with the same measured tread, and face of wonderful gravity. Sometimes there were bouquets of late blossoms to be gathered, blossoms yet bright and fresh, as they grew close by the water's edge, and curious waving ferns, or the fly-flower, with its purple seed cups. These Robert brought as an offering to the German woman whose whole time and care were given to her sick child, wasting away under a slow, scorching fever. It was pitiful to watch that poor woman neglected by her husband, far away from her own people, and watching

with fixed, wearied despair, the flames of life die out. Many a kind office had Robert silently performed for her, and though he could not understand a word of the strange language in which she thanked him, he felt happier when he saw her sad, grateful eyes uplifted.

The sick child loved the flowers, and noticed them more than any thing that was given to her. Perhaps she had memories, young as she was, of another land. At any rate, she would hold them for hours in her thin, wasted hand, turning over the leaves, or pulling the pointed petals, sometimes smiling faintly; then her mother would press her close and closer to her heart, as if she could not yet part with the dying one.

But the time was approaching when these new associations must be broken up. They were nearing Pittsburgh, at last; the huge black canopy which hung over the city day and night was pointed out to them just as the sun set; and through the dull, misty rain, that had come on with nightfall, they saw once more the gleaming of lights which had been so often a landmark on their journey. Robert could scarcely believe it true, that the end was indeed reached. That this was the

place from which those cheering letters had come to his poor mother, the very postmark making her eyes brighten and her cheek flush! He could not account for the feeling, but he almost wished they were not there. He fairly trembled, and grew pale as he thought that in another hour they would be clasped in their father's arms.

It was not very cheerful, it is true, arriving late in the evening, in a damp, misty rain that penetrated every pore, and commencing a search for the manufactory in which their father was engaged. Just as they were leaving the boat they heard some one inquire, "how many deaths to-day?" It seemed as if there was no escape from the track of the pestilence, and for the first time Robert thought "perhaps my father is dead!" It came with a cold, icy chill, and the more he strove to shake it off, the more closely it clung to him. "That was perhaps the reason Mrs. McGonegal's letter had never been answered! Perhaps they were indeed orphans!"

The driving mist struck his face, as with Eddy close beside him he left the boat. "What would become of them if this fear was realized! Once more alone, almost penniless, and among strangers!

True, they had been so before, but then there was hope to cheer them on. Now all would be blank and aimless."

It was a hard struggle for that lonely young heart, that had already borne so much. He could scarcely speak cheerfully to Eddy, who slipped upon the moist pavement, as he trudged sleepily along. The endless rows of lights twinkled through the thick air, the rumble of wheels distracted him, for he had heard only the low ripple of the water for so long.

What, despairing at the very goal! Nay, that would never do! and this surely was not the time to distrust the watchful care of Providence that had tenderly guided them thus far. Cheerily on! and now they have reached the dark walls of the huge building to which the captain had directed them. It was the manufactory of their father's employer. Late as it was, the workmen were still busy, and he could see the dim figures flitting to and fro in the crimson glare that streamed out upon the night. There was a strange roaring, as of flame, a clanking of machinery, that seemed to shake the very walls. It was almost frightful to stand there in the night, and watch, and listen.

The huge framed doors of the lower story were half open, as if to let in the cooler atmosphere, and no one noticed them as they slipped through, and stood where the red glare of the forges did not reach.

"Perhaps we shall see father, Eddy," Robert whispered. "I should know him in a minute, and then we will surprise him."

But he never could have recognized any of those swart and blackened figures, as the father of his recollection. He had read in the book of German fairy tales Miss Clarice had given him, a story of demons at work forging chains for the victims of their spells; and this was all he could think of, as the rush and stir went on. At last he returned to ask of a workman who came to refresh himself with a draught from the stone pitcher, near which they stood, "if Mr. Robert Lewis worked here?"

"Lewis—Lewis," the man said, wiping his hot face with his sleeve. "Yes, I remember something about him. He's in the other department, though. Go down them stairs, and across the yard, and you'll be likely to find him somewhere in the casting-room."

With a heart still beating fast with hope and fear, followed by Eddy, Robert obeyed the man's directions. The manufactory was in the form of a hollow square, with one side wanting, and the casting-room, as the man had called it, opened into the yard. A heat that was almost intolerable rushed forth, and there was a roar as of a fierce wind, as the air was sucked up by the huge fire of the furnace. There were not so many workmen here, and their faces were protected by masks, as they moved quickly before the mouth of the red, flaming cavern. Eddy drew back affrighted, but Robert entered the building—his feet sinking into the sand, with which the floor was thickly covered, at every step—just as the bars were removed, and the liquid, fiery mass, that had been seething for days, came rushing forth like a stream of molten lava, into the sandy bed that waited to receive it. Oh, how glorious, yet how fearful it was!—that fiery serpent licking the dust in its course, and stayed only by the bounds which it could not overleap. Though his face and eyeballs were scorched, Robert stood as if fascinated, forgetful for the moment of his errand in that strange place.

There was a hurry, and a bustling to and fro, for many minutes, but when the stir had ceased Robert fancied he saw his father leaning out of an aperture—window it could scarcely be called—of the apartment, and drinking in the fresh air. It was his height—his air; and not waiting to see what had become of Eddy, he sprang forward to meet—only disappointment.

No wonder that a feeling almost like numbness came over him, or that he clutched the rough wooden beams for support. It was all explained now why there was no answer to the letter.

Robert Lewis had left Pittsburgh many weeks ago, the man said; removed to another manufactory belonging to the same owner, but located in Cincinnati. The man, who seemed kind-hearted enough, told him that it was a long distance down the Ohio, but people were almost afraid to go there now, the cholera was so bad. The partner who resided there had been down with it, and some one had to be sent in his place. He had known Robert Lewis very well, and was sorry to part with him, but they offered higher wages to those who would go to Cincinnati, and he seemed to care a great deal about the money.

Robert knew full well *why* he had cared, but this disappointment, at the very moment of anticipated success, was almost too much even for his philosophy. The man seemed to be interested in his trouble, and went out with him to look for Eddy, who was crouching in the heavy shadow of the yard, and wondering why his father did not come to him. Poor children! once more in uncertainty and sorrow.

The man advised them to go back to their friend on the canal boat, who could tell them much better than himself, how to proceed on their journey, and with a sick heart, Robert turned away from the huge noisy forges, that had been beacons of hope to him but an hour before.

We never know how much we can bear until we come to have the trial; and trouble looked calmly in the face grows less with the very effort to comprehend it. The captain was astonished, but very glad to see them again, and said, if they had come ten minutes later, they might have knocked all night before they had found lodgings in the "Mary Ann." It did not seem half so far to Cincinnati, or one quarter as difficult a journey, by the time they had talked the matter all over

with him. A boat started the next afternoon, for the river was unusually high for the season, and they would only have to lie by at Wheeling to take up passengers, the only long stop they would make. He promised them jestingly not to charge them *too much* for a bed and breakfast, and when he counted the little remnant of their fund, man aged to slip in a half-dollar, that just made out their passage-money.

"Now if that father of your's hasn't taken it into his wise head to start on for St. Louis—for when some men get agoing West, they don't seem to know where to stop—you'll track him in about four days, according to my calculation. Maybe sooner. And tell him from me, that if he don't wont this youngster, he can send him back to me, just as soon as he likes. And you shall be second *left*-tenant of the "Mary Ann," that you shall, Mister Eddy."

With all his coarseness the captain had a little romance in his nature, and before he went to bed that night, he took his wife's Bible from a little locker, where he always kept it, and sat down under the swinging light to read a chapter, more to keep a promise to her, we fear, than for any

great love he had for the Holy Book. Robert took it up when he had finished, and saw their names written together on the fly-leaf, and a lock of heavy brown hair put beneath the steel clasps. He turned over the leaves until he came to Proverbs, and found the text Mr. Hall had given him to remember; and then, as he was closing the volume, a pencil-mark on one of the Psalms arrested his notice. It had evidently been made by the captain's wife, for there was a date on the margin, and Robert read with renewed hope and comfort—

"*Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee.*"

CHAPTER XI.

OLD FRIENDS.

Once more upon the deck of a steamboat! Once more we find the eventful journey recommenced, with the same object in view, a home, and a parent's care. Yet the scene around them was unlike any thing they had ever witnessed before, and the confusion surpassed even that of the wharves at New-York city. Boxes and bales, piled so high they feared to walk beneath them; hens cackling from the coops in which they were secured; furniture in all kinds of packing cases, barrels of every sort of liquid, people in almost an infinite variety of costume. Now a band of emigrants, with their chests and bundles, came to claim their places on the forward deck; the women with only their plaited hair as a covering for their heads, and brown bare arms, that seemed strong enough for field-labor. Then an elegant carriage deposited its load of nicely dressed passengers,

with every means and appliance for making themselves comfortable on their long voyage. Orange-women crowded the deck, and the news-boys screamed at the top of their lungs, "the last Novel by James"—or "the arrival of the Steamer, ten days later from Europe." It was all exciting, and Robert scarcely found time to wonder at the strange appearance of the boat itself,—as it dipped almost to the water's edge, so heavily was it burdened, with its three tiers of cabins, and the machinery all on deck, and exposed to full view. His only idea of a steamboat was those he had seen on the North River, but this was very far inferior in neatness or elegance, and, altogether, entirely unlike what he had expected.

The bell rang for the last time just as a carriage drove up with furious haste. Robert's attention was attracted by the cries of the men on the wharf—"you'll be too late," and a gentleman opened the door himself, and threw down the steps the instant it stopped. He had seen that curling beard, those dark flashing eyes before. It was an indistinct remembrance, but the face of the lady he assisted to alight was also familiar. Two porters snatched up the trunks and tossed them upon

the deck—the captain politely helped the lady to cross the plank, and the gentleman reappeared, hurrying a mulatto nurse, who carried a child in her arms.

Robert did not need to be told who the child was. One glance was sufficient. Those soft curls were Lily's—Lily's only—and as she put out her hands to be set upon deck, Robert could scarcely restrain a cry of joy. He had thought of her so often—his little comforter! and he had never hoped to meet her again. Now she was so near him, he could almost touch her with his hands; and he heard that same sweet voice, half in petulance, begging to be set down, "for she was not a baby, and did not like to be carried!"

Lily's mamma did not seem as beautiful as when he had last seen her. There was a worn, anxious look, though this might have been only the effect of travel. But "Uncle John" was just the same, with a proud glance and a proud tread. He had the identical dressing-case, which seemed his inseparable companion. Robert shrunk back as he came near, but he need not have done so; the gentleman had long since forgotten the plebeian acquaintance of his niece, and was too much en-

grossed in himself, and his own consequence, to notice any one. A feeling almost like hatred came into the boy's heart; but he checked it, for he knew it was unholy, and he remembered his mother's rule, "good for evil."

After they had moved off down the stream, and the cloud of smoke that hangs over the city day and night alone marked its site, Robert still lingered near where Lily had passed, and at last he was rewarded by a glimpse of her holding the hand of Catharine, who had come on some message for her mamma. There was a carpet-bag missing, and while one of the hands made search for it, Catharine held quite a confidential chat with one of the negro waiters, who seemed to be an old acquaintance. Lily being thus left to herself began to look around for something to do, and Robert came from behind a bale which had hidden him, and almost too happy to speak, stole near her.

"What do you want, little boy?" she said, starting back as if she would have gone to Catharine for protection. The manner and the look which accompanied it, were so like her uncle's! She evidently did not recognize him.

"Have you forgotten me, little Lily?" he said,

his quick sensitive nature pained, that any one he had thought so much about *could* have forgotten him.

He did not know the unwearied care, the lavish expenditure that was exhausted on her pleasures; one following another in quick succession. But

"The poor make few new friends"—

and true it is that—

"They love the better, far,
Those that their FATHER sends."

He would have gone away, but she called him back with "How do you know my name is Lily?"

"You told me, or I heard them call you so, a long time ago on the boat."

"Are you the little boy without any mother?" she asked eagerly. Oh, I remember now. "When we came from Niagara, you had a brother with curls like mine, only shorter. Where is your brother? And you haven't got any bundle now—you look as if you were going to school with that satchel."

She was just the same in heart too. Frank, winning, half curious, half playful. Robert for-

gave her forgetfulness, when he saw the smile he remembered so well break through her parted lips.

"I think you had a hat then, and I did not know you in that nice little cap. Has your brother a cap too? Did your father give them to you?"

"No, Mrs. McGonegal bought them for us."

"Mrs. McGonegal? What a funny name! She's your aunt, I suppose. Does she live with your father? My poor papa is very sick," she added, coming closer, and looking behind to see if Catharine was noticing her movements. But the dark damsel was showing her ivory teeth, in a smiling return to the compliments of her admirer.

"Mamma had a letter, and that made her sick too, and Uncle John looked very sorry, and then we had to come right away home, ever so far. Mamma cries when I say my prayers—I don't think she likes to have me say 'Our Father,' for she tells me always, perhaps I have no papa."

There was a new bond of sympathy between the two. Robert could not bear to see her look so grave, though; and tried in his turn to comfort her.

They could not remain long sorrowful; it was not in the nature of childhood; and Lily's attention was directed to the curious groups that were scattered about the deck. "Don't you think this a very ugly boat?" she said; "so dirty and all; not a bit like that beautiful one when we came from Niagara. And mamma has such a mean little room up there, all alone with Catharine and me. Why it isn't large enough for a doll's house, and it's so warm." From the boat they began to talk about the river. Robert was just going to ask Lily if her father lived in Cincinnati, or how far they were going, when Catharine was seen approaching, and they quietly separated, the boy remembering a rebuke, he did not care to receive again.

It seemed like a commencement of good fortune once again to see Lily, and Robert turned to look for Eddy, feeling very much more certain that he should find his father in Cincinnati, than he had been two hours before. But Eddy had been by no means idle during his absence, and had wandered off in an exploring expedition in the neighborhood of the machinery, which he thought very strange and curious indeed. Robert was of the same opinion, and as they were both of them careful

not to get in the way, they were allowed to stand for some time unmolested. The fire fed by the huge piles of wood reminded him of the iron-works he had seen the night before, and then he began to wonder how the steam could drive such a huge boat through the water. The machinery worked so regularly—those iron bolts and levers moved in their appointed duties like living creatures.

"I wonder how they manage it, Eddy. There was the locomotive starting off, all of its own accord, just like a horse, eating fire instead of oats, and this works so beautifully. When I am a man I will study, and know all about such things. I should like to make a locomotive myself."

"Should you, my little man?" one of the firemen said. The boys thought he was only a fireman at first, until some one came to him for orders. He was tall, with a massive figure, which was displayed in the careless costume he wore. The sleeves of the blue check shirt were rolled up, and it was thrown open at the throat, showing the muscular strength of his frame. For all his swarthy complexion, and blackened hands, there

was a good-natured twinkle of the eyes, that forbade any fear of so terrible a personage. Eddy, at any rate, had none, for by way of introduction, he said, "This is my brother Robert, sir—is this your boat?"

"Hardly!" said the man, with another smile. "Though I guess I think about as much of her as her owners. I am what they call an assistant engineer, and I've been every trip but five, she has ever made. What was that I heard about horses eating oats and fire?"

This was the introduction of a long chat with the good-tempered engineer, who was one of those instances that seem to confirm the proverb that good-nature is always the accompaniment of great physical strength. He did not seem to have a great deal to do, but managed a crank now and then in answer to a little bell that tinkled close beside him. Yet this little was very important, as he explained to them in answer to Robert's questions. The boy showed more than his usual eagerness for knowledge, and understood even complicated matters so readily, that the engineer, whose name was Barlow, took a great deal of trouble to teach him. He was very fond of children, he said, and

wondered what two such boys were doing all alone. The history of their journey seemed not less interesting to him, than it had done to many others, and when supper came for him, just before dark, he shared it with them, talking all the while. Eddy was delighted with Mr. Barlow. He was so like his friend, the captain; and his wonder and admiration were at their height when, to show them his great strength, he poised a huge iron bar the boys could not lift both together, as easily as if it had been a staff of wood.

"Do you stay up here all night?" Eddy asked, as the twilight began to close, and the fiery track of the boat became more distinct upon the dark waters.

"No, we take turns. Mine lasts till twelve o'clock, then O'Brien takes my place, while I turn in. But I should think it is high time for chickens to go to roost now. You'd better choose out a soft plank and take this pea-jacket of mine for a pillow. Don't go near those Germans, if you can help it,—there's no knowing who's got the ship fever."

It was certainly very thoughtful in Mr. Barlow to give them the jacket. Eddy was soon fast asleep;

but Robert, full of thought as usual, watched the stars overhead, as they glided smoothly onward, and thought of the first night of their journey, when the cabin lights marked the resting-place of Lily. How strange it was that they should meet again, and upon a boat, too! Once he saw Lily's uncle, walking up and down with his cigar. A diamond ring glittered on the finger which knocked away the long tip of silvery ashes. "How rich and happy he must be," thought the boy; "and can see Lily every day!" Then he heard the loud clank of the machinery, and the jar of the whole boat with every stroke. He had heard some gentlemen ask Mr. Barlow, if accidents were not very frequent; and they recounted one that had happened to them upon the Mississippi. It was certainly a terrible scene that they had described. But the boy's last thought as he commended himself and brother to the watchful care of their Father in heaven was—

"*Thou wilt keep us in perfect peace.*"

CHAPTER XII.

THE PERIL.

THERE was a sudden shock—a loud hissing sound—screams such as he had never heard before—a running to and fro—objects reeling before his eyes! Such strange, bewildering shapes! Was he still dreaming?

Alas! if it had been but a dream. His last waking thoughts connected with the present moment. He heard some one shriek, "The boat is sinking!" and though the cause was a mystery, it was even so! And Eddy was gone—no one answered his calls. He felt the boat settling slowly to the bottom—the water came pouring over the deck—he could scarcely gain the stairs before it was above his knee. "Eddy! Eddy!" he screamed, toiling up the stairs. It seemed as if he should never reach the top, for they were checked by people, some half dressed, others as they had sprung from their beds,—screaming,

mourning, calling for a brother, a wife or child, lost in the melée below. The beautiful saloon was deserted; and, frightened as he was, he remembered to look to the door of the room which Lily had pointed out as belonging to her mother. It was empty; they, too, were seeking safety still beyond. He must have lost many minutes in recalling himself from sleep, or else the work of destruction progressed with fearful rapidity; for, as he reached the upper deck, the water was full of people who had sprung overboard—some in wild terror, others in the hope of saving life. The bell was tolling dismally above the shrieks, the groans, the impassioned prayers—and there was a gurgling, rushing sound as the water gained every moment upon the doomed vessel.

There was scarcely a creature beside himself who had reached the upper deck. All the boats had been manned, and were filling with women and children, but yet there were many clinging to the guard which surrounded the state-rooms, half frenzied by the peril of their situation, and unable to use the means of escape had they been placed within their reach. Below, in the thickest crowd, he could distinguish a tall, powerful figure, moving

here and there, assisting those who were embarking, and trying to calm the agony of fear that reigned every where. It was the engineer, calm and resolute, when every one around was unmanned. He saw the boy leaning over to him, and beckoned him to jump from the railing into his arms. It was a fearful leap; but there was not even time to grow giddy in contemplation of it.

Those strong arms bore up their burden bravely. "There is not a moment to lose—your brother is safe—I can swim to shore with him—you must take your chance, but we are within a mile of Wheeling, and the water will soon be covered with boats. Keep your head above water—perfectly still." All this was said as he prepared to lash him to a cane settee that was floating near them—for the water had now reached the second deck at the point where they stood.

It was said far more speedily than I can write, or you can read, amid sounds that were too appalling to be ever forgotten. "Now, you will float," Mr. Barlow said. "It is your last chance—many would be glad even of this;" and just at that instant Robert heard a voice whose agony thrilled him even in his own fear. The front of the boat was

still above the water—for they had struck a low bank or shoal, and the boat had now taken fire, and by the fierce flicking flame Robert saw Lily's arms stretched out to him. She was all alone—no protector now—and a figure that he knew was her uncle leaped into the water, and struck out boldly for the shore. He had deserted her in this deadly peril, for he knew his strength would not save them both. Quick as thought another turn of the rope bound her to Robert's side. Mr. Barlow seemed to comprehend all;—and then, with the boy's arm clasping her slight figure, while his face was pale with fear and resolution, they were alone on the wide waters.

Only once again was the proud, selfish man, who had deserted Lily, seen in life. A ghastly face —the hair drenched and stiffened—the eyes glaring wildly—rose close beside them. Then a low, bubbling cry, and the waters had closed over him for ever. Robert saw this by the fearful light of the burning vessel, which now threw a broad, red flame over the unearthly scene. Many with themselves were buoyed up by a frail support, to drift awhile in fancied security, and then to "sink like lead" to a watery grave. Afar off were the

scattered lights of a town, towards which they slowly drifted with the tide, and a dip of oars was heard coming nearer and nearer.

It was a strange, sad sight, those two so young and helpless in the very arms of death, and clinging to each other in a dumb silence, amid the tumult. Protected only by a thin night-dress, the child shivered at the contact with the water, which dipped over her white limbs, and straightened the golden curls to a damp, clinging mass. The terror had paralyzed her, and she could only lie with her head upon Robert's shoulder, and her eyes fixed on the red light of the conflagration.

Robert never knew how long they drifted thus. It seemed as if hours—nay, days had passed. He felt Lily's hold relax, her head drooped more heavily, and he could scarcely sustain her weight. Then he shouted for help, for his strength was failing him; though could he have saved his own life by unwinding her arms, and casting her off, he would not have touched them. There was no answer but that dismal tolling bell, for the shrieks had died away in the distance, and even the stroke of the alarm was muffled and indistinct. Still another shout, louder than before, and more ago-

nizing. The rope had parted, she was sliding from his arms—they must both die! and then came a deadly faintness, a confused, low, ringing sound—darkness—silence—as the waves received them both.

Life returned, but slowly—very slowly. He was surrounded by strange faces, and Lily was gone from him. But he was in safety, and upon land. He tried to ask what had become of Lily—if Eddy was there—but he sank back upon the pillow unable to articulate a word, again insensible. When he awoke—for sleep succeeded the faintness—Mr. Barlow was bending over him, and told him that he should see Eddy soon. He would scarcely have known the engineer, for his close curling hair was burnt to the very roots, and there was a bandage over one cheek. But his Samson-like strength was not gone, for he lifted Robert as if he had been an infant, and carried him to an open window.

"Lily, where is she?" was his first question; and Mr. Barlow answered that the little girl was

with her mother, who had been saved; and she remembered who had taken care of her. Mr. Barlow had seen them both that day, and told the lady to whom she owed the preservation of her darling child. A boat, hastening to the wreck, had rescued them, and the people of Wheeling had extended every kindness and hospitality to the sufferers. Then Eddy came, wild with delight to see his brother once more, and told him how Mr. Barlow had brought him to land, and they had found Robert at the same house "asleep," Eddy said; and his preserver did not explain that it was a trance more like death, from which the physicians had feared he would never awaken. He proved a most attentive nurse, and carried Eddy away, when he saw the deathlike paleness coming over Robert's face again. The boy had just recalled the last glaring look of the drowning man—Lily's uncle—and he wondered if her mother knew what had become of him.

So sudden had been the shock and alarm, that though they were near the shore many perished before aid could reach them. Mr. Barlow had staid until the last moment, and then, true to his promise, rescued the child who had interested him

so the night before. It had been a fearful night, and many will never forget the wreck of "The Wave"—or the agony of suspense which they endured clinging to its side, with the water washing over them, and a banner of flame threatening destruction to them.

It was not until the next afternoon that Mr. Barlow would suffer his wards to go out into the air again; and then Robert found, to his dismay, that Lily and her mamma had gone on in a boat that had passed in the morning. They were again separated, and this time with little hope of a reunion. For if his wishes were accomplished, there would be no more journeyings, and the child of a poor artisan was not likely to be thrown otherwise into the sphere of life in which Lily's lot was cast. He felt as if her mother might at least have allowed them to meet again; but he was somewhat comforted, when Mr. Barlow showed him a note he had received from her, inquiring for Robert's health, and saying that though she was now almost destitute of means, having saved nothing from the wreck, she hoped some day to be able to reward him. So ended his bright dream, of having Lily for a friend—"sister," he always

called her in his mind—on their way to Cincinnati. Mr. Barlow now began to talk of their resuming the journey. He had assumed the care of them during their stay, but it was necessary for him to return to his family at Pittsburgh. There were many kind offers of assistance, and he found little difficulty in procuring a passage for them in the next passing boat.

"God bless you!" he said as he left them; and he made Robert promise to send word by the very first opportunity if they were successful in th quest.

CHAPTER XIII.

AND LAST

How beautiful was their first glimpse of the queen city of the West, as after a long but pleasant voyage it was before them, in all its thriving prosperity, a monument to American enterprise and industry. And they were weary, and travel worn—and Robert longed for rest and relief from the care and anxiety which now pressed so heavily upon him.

"I do not know which way to go, Eddy," he said. "Nobody on the boat seems to know where father works, but we can inquire, and he *must* be here." Yet as he said it with energy of tone, he was far less confident in spirit, for repeated disappointments had taught him wisdom, and plans had less of hope but were more securely based.

"Do you remember what the Justice said, Keep in the broad streets?' I guess we will walk

up here. Somehow I feel as if we were going to meet father without looking for him."

But the feeling did not prove true, as they rounded square after square, looking into the face of every passer-by; and reading the signs of every building that looked like a manufactory. It was no great wonder that they did not meet workmen going to their daily toils. They were in the most fashionable part of the city, and it was the hour for the gay morning promenade.

"I don't believe any body knows father," Eddy said despondingly, as they stopped to hold a kind of counsel under the coolness of a shade tree in Fourth-street. "They don't look as if they did, I'm sure. Oh, Robby, see there—see there!"

"Robby" did look, and could scarcely believe his happiness when the door of a beautiful house near them opened, and Lily with Catherine came out upon the steps. She saw them in an instant and sprang down like a fairy, as she was—heedless of the calls and remonstrances of the girl. She was dressed in white, but with a broad black sash, that made her look more delicate than ever.

"Oh Catherine—Catherine, it's my little boy. It is, Catherine—come and help me to bring him

to mamma. Mamma wants to see him. Did you get well? come this very minute"—and yielding passively to her earnestness, she led him with both hands into the hall, Catherine following with the astonished Eddy.

The hall was dark and cool. So were the parlors, so dark that Robert could scarcely see Lily's mamma lying on a couch, looking very ill and pale. She was dressed in deep mourning, and all the *sparkling* rings were laid aside, but she looked none the less lovely, and Robert thought he never had heard a sweeter voice than when she spoke to him. She kissed him too—the poor little wandering child—in the first impulse of her gratitude, parting the hair from his forehead that she might look into his eyes, just as his own sweet mother had done. Robert never forgot that kiss, and from that moment nothing would have been too hard for him to accomplish for her sake.

"And you saved my darling Lily, that horrible night!" She shuddered slightly and pressed a hand for a moment over her eyes. Robert looked at her dark dress, and wondered if Lily's father was really dead, but he did not dare to ask. Every thing in the room was very beautiful now that

he could distinguish objects. There were pictures in heavy gilt frames, and white motionless statues, though scarcely whiter than the lady herself. A chandelier directly above them, with glittering pendents, made a soft musical murmur, as the breeze stole in from the long garden door, slightly ajar, through which he caught a glimpse of vines and shrubbery. There was an ottoman by the sofa, on which Lily had been sitting, and this she moved out for Eddy, still keeping fast hold of Robert's hand as if she was afraid of losing him again.

"Your papa will be very glad you have found your little friends, my dear. He is in the library. Catherine, will you speak to him?—Lily will not have her walk this morning."

But for papa, Lily could leave Robert a moment; and before he had time to feel very happy that his fears were not true, she reappeared, leading a gentleman much older than he had expected to see, but very quiet and gentle in his manner.

"And this is the brave little fellow," he said, taking Robert's hand kindly. "We owe you a great deal, my boy, words are scarcely the thing to show you how much we think our debt."

You may readily imagine the happiness that filled the boy's heart, and his confusion when he attempted to answer these friendly words. His own unsuccessful quest was for a moment forgotten. But Lily talked for him.

"He shall always live with us now, shan't he, papa, and be my brother, and you will be his papa too. Oh, how nice!" and she clapped her hands in delight at the charming idea.

"Not quite so fast, my little lady—Master Robert may prefer his own father. So he is in Cincinnati, you think! What is the name of his employer?"

"Mr. Lawson," Robert answered. "The firm is Morris and Lawson, and the gentleman was very sick with the cholera the man told me."

"Why, my dear!" ejaculated Lily's mamma, starting, with more animation than she had yet shown.

The gentleman smiled, and Lily gave the first explanation by exclaiming, "Uncle Morris, papa? does he know Uncle Morris in Pittsburg?"

"So your father's name is Robert Lewis! Well, mine is Mr. Lawson, and I think we shall not have much difficulty in finding him, as he hap-

pens to be the most valuable man in our establishment."

Oh, was it indeed so? Was his long quest indeed ended? The boy tried to speak, but his happiness was almost like grief, and he sobbed aloud. Had he been told there were yet miles between them, or even death itself—he might have borne it bravely, but the high-wrought resolution gave way before the blessed certainty. He covered his face and turned away, even from Eddy's consolations; he could not bear to have them see his weakness. The little fellow's face was clouded in a moment to see his brother apparently unhappy again—he could not understand it at all.

But Mr. Lawson understood it, for he went quietly from the room and beckoned Lily's mamma to follow, leaving the children alone together. He was seated in the library again half an hour after with a book before him, and Mrs. Lawson at his side, when some one was shown in by the servant, and a fine-looking person, evidently a workman from his rough dress and toil-hardened hands, but nevertheless with a manly air, touched his hat respectfully, as he said—

"I came at once, sir, thinking you had changed

your mind about the new machinery—and the men are all at a stand still."

"I have other business just now, Lewis," Mr. Lawson answered. "Some friends of yours from the North are stopping with me." Mr. Lewis looked as if he thought there must be some mistake, but said, "Yes, sir?" in a tone of inquiry.

In another moment both the boys were in his arms, for they were just returning from the garden with Lily; and Robert knew that voice, though so many months had passed since he had heard its accents.

As the children say—"they were all so happy!" It was hard to tell which of the spectators enjoyed the meeting most. But no one spoke after that one exclamation, 'Oh, my children—my own children!"—until Eddy, feeling a large round tear fall on his face, looked up very reprovingly with—

"For shame, father! a great man like you cry!"

It was very like Eddy, and no doubt he really thought it was not at all proper, considering the circumstances, and that Mr. Lawson was present. They were the first tears the strong-hearted man had shed since the terrible letter announcing his wife's death, and that his children had gone in

search of him. Dr. Cook had been very kind, but though by the aid of the police and Mr. Jenkins they had been traced to the Philadelphia cars, all clue to them was there lost. Day after day he watched every item of newspaper intelligence, and had turned sick-hearted from the Post-Office with the invariable answer, "nothing for you, sir."

Now this harrowing suspense was ended when he least expected it, as is often the case with our life-trials; and seeing Eddy so like his beloved mother, no wonder tears came to the relief of his swelling heart.

We are afraid the men would have remained "at a stand still" for a long time, if Mr. Lawson had not dispatched a servant once more to the manufactory.

"But what became of them all?"

Well, curious little questioner, perhaps we could not tell you better than by copying a letter Mr. Hall was very glad to receive from Robert only last week, and which was read aloud by "the

good lady" to her happy grandchildren, who were once more on a visit to Philadelphia.

So we will imagine ourselves in the family circle; Aunt Addy at her sewing, Miss Clarice pausing in the act of trying on a most becoming and bride-like crape bonnet, and the children one on each side of their grandfather as Mrs. Hall unfolds the *double* sheet and reads—

MY DEAR KIND FRIEND:—

Eddy and me were so glad to get your little letter, and know you still remember us. You ask me what we are doing? In the first place we have a nice little house of our own now, with a garden and all complete. We moved in a month ago. Mr. Lawson built it, you would think just for us, it suits so nicely, but father is going to pay for it a low price, just as he is able. Mr. Lawson wanted to give it to him, but he said he would feel more independent to *earn* his house, and I think so to. Who do you think is our housekeeper? Why Mrs. Brown! Father got a place for her husband in the foundry, and I helped to send them the money to move on here. Wasn't that nice? You don't know how I enjoyed it. Mrs. Brown is

not a bit like Irish *people*. She was brought up in a gentleman's family at home, and has very neat ways. I like Winny very much, and she has grown a great deal. John helps in the packing room. Eddy goes to school, and so does Winny. I suppose you will wonder how I came to have money to send to Mrs. Brown. Well, I will tell you. Mr. Lawson took me into the counting-house when I first came here, for he said I was not strong enough for any thing else. Miss Lily was so funny. She said she did not want to see me with black hands and face!

So I went of errands, and kept every thing nice, and had plenty of time to read and study. I am to learn book-keeping next winter—and Latin at evening school. But what I want to study most is Geometry; I will tell you why, by and by. What pleased me most was, that from the very first, Mr. Lawson used to send me to the bank with checks. Sometimes I have had a thousand dollars in my own hands. Don't you think it shows he thinks I would not steal any? But, as I was going to tell you, he gives me *a* HUNDRED *dollars*, this year! and father lets me have it all myself to teach me economy he says. So he gave

me permission to send Mrs. Brown ten dollars. And now I want to ask a great favor of you, though I am most afraid to, as you would not let father pay back the money to Master Harry and Miss Mary. Please give my love to them when you write; and to Mrs. Hall and the young ladies, and Eddy's too, and father's respects. (Father is so good—Mr. Lawson says so too, and he is now the head man in the working rooms.) I have sent a box to Mrs. McGonegal with more of my own money, a whole new tea-set, all white. I used to hear her say she meant to have one when she was rich. And there is a shawl for Nancy, who is going to be married, I suppose you know.

Eddy wanted to send something too. So father thought of our daguerreotypes, and we had them taken, both together. I want you to look at them, and you will see how tall I have grown, and how Eddy has altered. Father paid for the daguerreotypes. Don't you think Mrs. McGonegal will be pleased? and as I did not know how she would get it, father thought he had better direct it to your care, which is the favor I wanted to ask.

Mrs. Brown says, she saw Dr. Cook before she came away, and he says he would like to see us very much.

Mr. Lawson often puts me in mind of you, sir. The good way he talks I mean. He was a poor boy, too, once; but Mrs. Lawson was always rich. So was Miss Lily's uncle John, who was drowned that dreadful night. Mrs. Lawson has taken off her mourning for him, and looks a great deal better than she used to. I do not see Miss Lily very often. She is grown almost a young lady, and begins to play on the piano like Miss Mary. But she is just as good and pretty as ever. [Here a sentence was very carfully marked out, evidently referring to Miss Lily.]

And now I will tell you why I want to study geometry. Mr. Lawson says I must understand *mathematics* thoroughly before I can be a good machinist, and build locomotives, which is what I mean to do, when I am grown up. I say, I mean to, because I remember what I call my motto: "*There's no such word as fail.*"

I have written a longer letter than I meant to, but I found I had so much to say. I hope I have not tired you.

Good-by, sir, with all our loves; for we often talk about you, and wonder what would have become of Eddy and me, if we had not met you.

I sign myself with a great deal of respect,

ROBERT LEWIS.

THE END.

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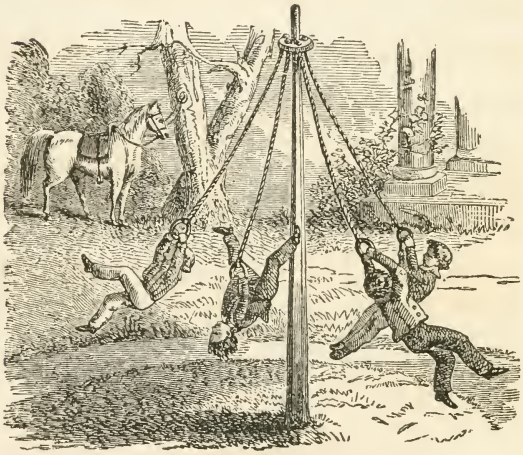

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